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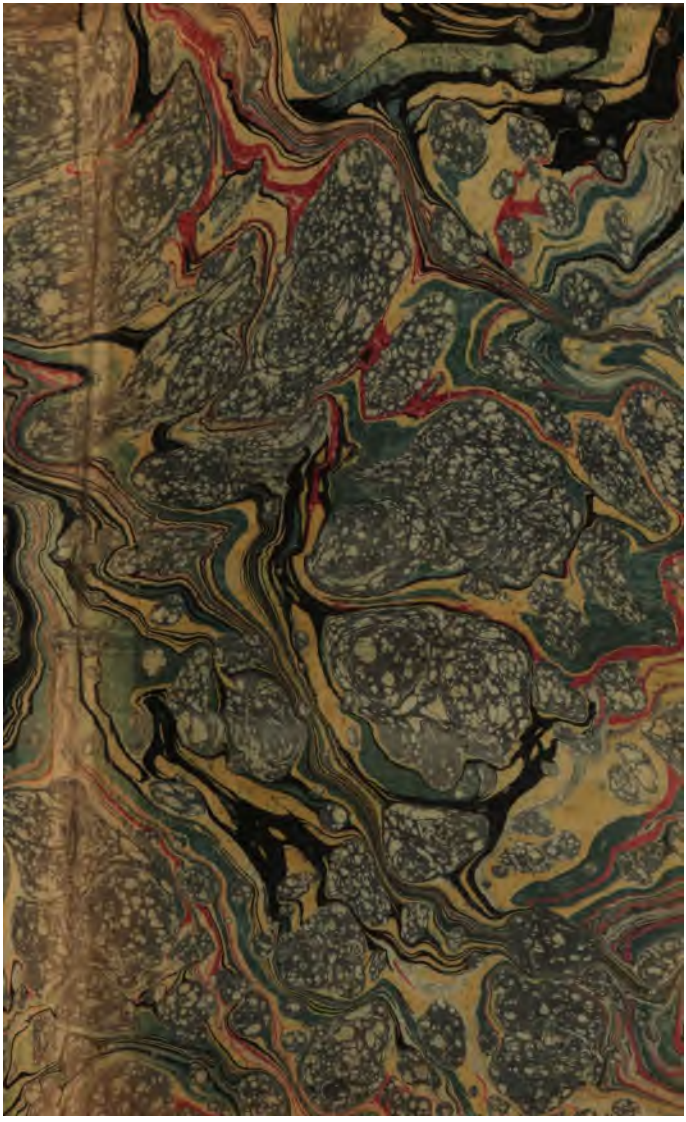

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THE

BRITISH ALBUM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Oft from her careless hand the Wand'ring Muse
Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form
A living wreath to deck the brows of Time. ANON.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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THE

BRITISH ALBUM.

CONTAINING THE

POEMS

OF

DELLA CRUSCA, ANNA MATILDA,

ARLEY, BENEDICT, THE BARD, &c. &c. &c.

Which were originally published under the Title of the

POETRY OF THE WORLD.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

SECOND EDITION.

ALSO,

A POEM, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED,

CALLED

THE INTERVIEW,

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

AND OTHER CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

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STANZAS

ON

FRIENDSHIP.

O, FRIENDSHIP! source of every good!
How seldom art thou understood;
How oft for interest, or for fame,
We prostitute thy sacred name.

'Tis not Ambition's pageant hour,
The proud parade of empty pow'r;
'Tis not the Monarch's scepter'd hand,
Thy faithful service can command:

The heartfelt joy, the social sigh,
No power can force, no wealth can buy,
Nor pride, nor avarice e'er can know,
Exalted Friendship's fervent glow.

When haughty great-ones condescend,
To patronize the humble friend,
Who every feeling must resign——
The servile contract is not thine.

When venal age, in hopes of gain,
Would bind the mercenary chain;
Each generous purpose there unknown,
The sordid motive thou'lt disown.

Nor pleas'd with Youth's unaw'd career,
Amid the gust of transient cheer;
Where Folly forms the short-liv'd tye,
Wilt thou the slender cord supply.

Averse to Guile, tho' gilded o'er,
Thou shun'st the midnight loud uproar;
And seeking Virtue's peaceful cell,
With calm Content delight'st to dwell.

Yet, should afflicted worth entreat,
Thou'lt fearless quit thy tranquil seat,
To pierce the dungeon's dreary gloom,
Or mourn at midnight round the tomb.

In life's unwelcome, cheerless hour,
When all around misfortunes lour;
Thou'lt seek the Wanderer in distress,
And sharing sorrows, make them less.

When affluence crowns successful toil,
And Fate propitious wears a smile;
Thy influence aids the sweet employ,
And gives a zest to every joy:

For what are all delights below,
Which Fortune, Honours, Fame bestow;
Unless with these we strive to blend
The social solace of a friend?

The flow of youth, the charms of Love,
But momentary transports prove;
Friendship alone secures Content,
More placid, but more permanent.

ARLEY.

VERSES

TO A

YOUNG LADY AT BATH,

In whose Pocket-Book the AUTHOR had, at a very early Period of Life, written some Lines.

In earlier years, when *Anna*'s face,
Could only boast an infant grace;
When artless tresses deck'd her brow,
In many a wild untutor'd row;
Ere yet upon her baby cheek,
The conscious blush had learn'd to speak;
In that calm, unsuspicious day,
The Muse attun'd her willing lay;
And sung of *Anna*'s rip'ning charms,
When *Anna* could feel no alarms;
That tranquil hour, unknown to Fear,
When I might say, and she might hear.——
The Hint transpir'd—and swift as thought,
The favour'd Pocket-Book was brought,

While kind advice, and caution sage,
Stood pencil'd o'er the virgin page;
Her little hands receiv'd the toy,
And her young heart proclaim'd her joy.
Will *Anna* now, maturer grown,
The sweets of infant years disown?
And will she now unkind despise
The song that once she deign'd to prize?
No—*Anna*'s heart shall still approve
The song that once she deign'd to love:
Still shall the Muse her steps attend——
Still will she prize her early friend.
And now, in Beauty's loveliest bloom,
Though circled in the splendid room——
While rival fops around her wait,
With false applause, and senseless prate;
And while the vaunts of *self* they hold——
And while th' unmeaning tale is told;
Anna shall wish the folly o'er,
Shall fly to Memory's valu'd store;
There fondly trace her childish age,
And call to mind the *virgin page.*

ARLEY.

And many an idle tale hath run,
And much hath been believ'd,
Of broken vows, and maids undone,
Abandon'd, and deceiv'd.

Peace to all such—yet here I swear,
And thou'lt the warmth excuse,
The garb which knaves and villains wear,
Thro' life I've scorn'd to use:

Tho' Love, with all its soft pursuits,
Hath claim'd my yielding hours;
Tho' oft I've cull'd its fairest fruits,
And pluckt its choicest flow'rs——

Those flow'rs, those fruits, were nobly won,
Not fraudulently stole,
Love taught me how the race to run,
But Truth secur'd the goal.

Then deem not hard, that now the Muse
Laments her fav'rite strain;
That thus she ventures to accuse;
Accusing, to complain:

For much she joy'd, the nymphs among,
To waste the frolic day;
To form for them the grateful song,
And carol time away.

But now no more the heaving sigh,
Shall force the tear to start;
But now no more the glist'ning eye,
Shall speak the soften'd heart:

The tender scenes of earlier years,
To harsher views shall yield;
And Pride, her pageant sceptre rears,
And Av'rice takes the field:——

These shall the sterner mind possess,
To no past maxims true;
Cold to them all, my Lord, unless
To Friendship, and to you.

ARLEY.

ODE

To *****.

PRAISE to the men who boldly dare,
Their undissembled thoughts declare;
Who speak the sentiments they feel,
And loud proclaim the crimes they might conceal.

Who nobly zealous daily try,
To pluck the mask from villany;
By neither threat, or promise sway'd,
By pow'r unaw'd, by danger undismay'd——

Who Justice's sacred sword unsheath,
To guard fair Freedom's valued wreath;
Yet careful shun the deed which draws,
Th' unwelcome shout of popular applause.

Who, blest with talents to persuade,
Exert them for their Country's aid;
By virtue, not ambition fir'd,
For worth belov'd, not pageantry admir'd——

'Tis theirs with kind and bounteous hand,
To scatter plenty o'er the land;
To bid distress and sorrow smile,
And crown with due reward the Artist's toil:

'Tis theirs to ease the Widow's fears,
To wipe the friendless Orphan's tears;
Redress the wrongs the weak endure,
Punish the guilty, and protect the poor.

Theirs is the noblest boon below,
The purest bliss the mind can know!
That tranquil undisturb'd *serene*,
Resulting from the conscious peace within.

For them each grateful voice shall ring,
For them each Muse her tribute bring;
And in the hour which levels all,
Death with complacence shall await their call.

ARLEY.

PRAYER

TO

VENUS.

KIND Venus, hear thy Suppliant's pray'r,
  Hear, and indulgent grant;
For love I ask—you well may spare
  The little I shall want.

No storms of passion I desire,
  No boundless transports claim,
Give me that gentle doubtful fire,
  Which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh! I've known the soft delights,
  That warm the breast sincere;
The anxious days and sleepless nights,
  That nurse the tender fear.

Have shar'd the fond endearing kiss,
  Which mutual ardour fires,
And tasted oft that genuine bliss,
  Which mutual truth inspires.

I've felt the fierce extreme of love,
  Which utterance would destroy;
When speechless raptures silent prove,
  The soul's sublimest joy.

But then its bitterest pangs I've borne,
  Deprest with tenfold care;
And many an hour with anguish torn,
  Sat brooding o'er Despair.

Whelm'd with such violence of woe,
  Would melt a heart of steel,
Which only those who love can know,
  Who lose can only feel.

Hence, let me calmly view the sex,
  Contented to enjoy
That bliss, which absence cannot vex,
  Or Perfidy destroy:

O Venus! let me favour win,
Secure from Cupid's dart,
Still let it gently pierce my skin,
But never probe my heart!

ARLEY.

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

Some years ago, at the house of a deceased Nobleman, several complimentary Verses to the brilliancy of the Hon. Mrs. N——H'S *Eyes were written;—amongst the rest the following:*

GIVE me to see that spark of heavenly fire,
At which all tremble—but which all admire:
That gentle gleam, which in Contentment's hour,
Cheers every vale and brightens every bower.
That ray terrific—which when anger glooms,
Darts dreadful flame, and as it darts, consumes;
Strong blaze of light—which fires where e'er it falls,
Exalts, dejects, revivifies, appalls;
Shew me that power which thus with Fate can vie,
Turn, and behold it lives in—LAURA's eye!

ARLEY.

STANZAS.

Written on the Children of Lady CRAVEN, performing a PLAY, before her, at Queensbury House some years ago.

NYMPHS and Shepherds hither haste,
Here the purest joys we taste;
Reason guides our rustic play,
Tunes the pipe and forms the lay.

Lovely MIRA is our queen,
Guardian of the silvan scene;
Nature's charming handmaid, she
Thus proclaims her soft decree.

Come ye little smiling train,
Cheer with sports my happy plain;
Come, while yet the infant year,
Proves both smile and sport sincere.

Blooming in the morn of life,
Strangers yet to care and strife;
Free from art, and free from blame,
You can paint me as I am.

What, tho' on your baby brows,
Mark'd expression faintly glows;
Artless look, and native strain,
All my feelings best explain.

Soon shall Time, with iron sway,
Harden youth's maturer day;
Then no longer taught by me,
You'll scorn my sweet simplicity.

ARLEY.

THE

RETROSPECT.

AMID the scenes of noise and strife,
That sadly sorrow human life,
And cause continual woes;
What soft sensation sooths my breast,
Bids every jarring passion rest,
And transient bliss bestows!

'Tis faithful Memory's friendly hand,
That waves her all-enliv'ning wand,
And brings to Fancy's view;
What Time, when wing'd with gay Delight,
Each thoughtless day and easy night,
On Pleasure's pinions flew.

Wafts me to S———'s fertile plains,
Where, first I sung my infant strains,
A rude, unpolish'd boy;
Where, fraught with Innocence and Truth,
The lively sports of early youth,
Produc'd a guiltless joy.

There, pleas'd I trace the flow'ry mead,
And round the well-known elm-trees tread,
Where oft I've careless play'd;
And sure my choicest days were spent,
Cheer'd with the smiles of glad Content,
Beneath their peaceful shade.

The distant view of N——'s hills,
My breast with exultation fills,
Long time the bounded walk,
There oft I've shar'd the sweet regale,
Partook th' allotted cakes and ale,
And held the sprightly talk.

The church, the yard, the neighb'ring yew,
All join to warm my heart a-new,
And pastimes past recall;
'Twas here I lash'd the murm'ring top,
Here drove the tile with eager hop,
There struck the bounding ball.

Nor shall fair Learning's sacred spot,
Be by the grateful Muse forgot,
Or heedless left unsung;
Where dawning Reason first began
The deeds of ancient dead to scan,
And urge th' enquiring tongue.

Where, studious still maturing age,
Explor'd the long instructive page,
And emulous of fame,
Consuming oft th' evening oil,
Enjoy'd a pleasing-painful toil
To raise a future name.

Hail, happy state of infant years!
There lovely Peace her temple rears,
And smiling stands confest;
There Virtue holds her cheerful court,
And youthful, gay desires resort
To charm the tranquil breast.

No lawless passions wound the mind,
There pleasures leave no sting behind,
Sad source of others care;
Nor fell Remorse, nor envious ire,
Nor black Revenge, with purpose dire,
Occasion dark despair.

Their's is the rosy bloom of health,
The boundless transport snatch'd by stealth,
The heart devoid of guile;
What riper manhood seldom knows,
The peaceful undisturb'd repose,
And undissembled smile.

Regardless of to-morrow's doom,
They feel no dread of ills to come,
    Nor Pleasure's feast forego;
The playful day their great relief,
The task unlearn'd their only grief,
    The rod their only foe.

Ah, ever to be envied hours!
When no sad thought of future sours——
    No distant fears annoy;
No past reflections intervene
To pain the bosom's calm serene,
    Or damp the present joy.

Affliction's load they seldom bear,
'Tis their's to shed the short-liv'd tear
    For sorrows soon forgot;
The sweets that from Contentment flow,
That health and peace of mind bestow,
    Complete their happy lot.

ARLEY.

STANZAS

TO

ILL-NATURE.

FIEND abhorr'd! Mankind's worst foe!—
Hence, thy darksome crew among——
Haste—and with thy jaundic'd brow,
Fly the Muse's vengeful song!

Oft the hapless Muse hath borne
Deep within the wounded heart,
Fell Detraction's venom'd thorn,
Pointed by thy treach'rous art.

. . . . . .

Born of Envy, nurs'd by Spleen,
Rear'd in Passion's blighting storm;
Sorrow, anguish, care, chagrin,
Mark thy hideous hateful form.

Fraud and Falsehood swell thy train,
Discord is thy sole employ,
Baffl'd malice, all thy pain,
Sated rancour, all thy joy.

Does the Muse with sportive power,
  Strive the gloom of life to cheer,
Thou'lt arraign the harmless hour,
  Stifle peace, and nurture fear.

Does the flow of joy, or ease,
  Some endearing scenes supply;
Every little wish to please
  Rouses thy malignity!—

Humble genius, slender grace,
  Small desert may wait the Muse,
Yet, if any spark we trace,
  Thy severest hate ensues.

Blacken'd by thy foul report,
  Mirth is mischief, laughter guile;
Snares are seen in every sport;
  Perfidy in every smile.

Still thy arts, malicious fiend——
  Still thy hell-born schemes would fail,
Did not oft the *valued friend*,
  Listen to thy specious tale.

Vain were each insidious charge,
  Effort feeble as unjust,
Did alas! the world at large,
  Only hear, and only trust.

Did not oft the secret lie
  Break the bond of private peace,
Bid domestic comfort fly,
  Love subside, and friendship cease?

Did not oft thy breath destroy,
  Fair Contentment's blooming flow'r,
Wither every social joy,
  And corrode life's dearest hour?

Did not oft thy poison'd shaft,
  Pierce the *breast* that *most* we prize,
And on fading faith engraft
  Doubt, constraint, and sad surmise?——

Luckless is that child of care,
  Who beneath thy scourge must live,
Doom'd from early youth to bear
  All the torments thou can'st give.

Once thy fatal influence spread,
  Candour takes no further part;
Ignorance suspects the head,
  Prejudice belies the heart.

Hard and cruel is his lot,
  Every merit is denied;
All his virtues are forgot,
  All his errors magnified.

Fiend relentless—Tyrant grim——
  Yet awhile, and all is o'er;
When the lamp of life is dim,
  Thou wilt be observ'd no more.

When the sad, the funeral knell,
  Shall his parted breath proclaim,
Faithful Mem'ry then shall tell,
  Whether he deserv'd such blame.

Love, perhaps, may o'er his tomb,
  Drop a tender silent tear;
Friendship too lament a doom,
  Enmity may think severe.

ARLEY.

THE

CONFESSION.

TO MISS ****.

In vain I strive my heart to shield,
Spite of myself that heart will yield;
In vain would hide a thousand ways
What every conscious look betrays:——

The jest assum'd, th' averted eye,
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh;
Each stolen touch, which Love impels,
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet not *Eliza*'s charms alone,
Could ruling reason thus dethrone;
Her blooming graces, tho' with pain,
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But, arm'd with that enchanting mien,
Which speaks the feeling mind within;
How can my soften'd breast be free,
Thus caught by Sensibility?

Yet not for me the tear will start,
Which proves *Eliza*'s tender heart;
Yet not for me the smile will speak,
Which brightens in *Eliza*'s cheek;

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,
Where Nature is with Joy at strife;
Her unembarrass'd looks declare,
That Love is not triumphant there:——

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,
The pompous banners Wealth displays;
Each fond emotion distant keeps,
And all her native softness sleeps.

ARLEY.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

Spoken some time ago at a Private Performance at WEYBRIDGE.

ERE yet the Comic Muse, with sprightly pow'r,
Provokes the laugh, and leads the mirthful hour,
Permit the Bard, in serious mood, awhile
To wake remembrance, and suspend the smile:
Our scenes to-night no novel merit claim,
Long-tried desert hath fix'd their lasting fame;
The Characters that mark our chosen page
Have long engross'd the veterans of the Stage.
Who was not charm'd, when BARRY held to view
The matchless portraiture which CIBBER drew?
Each eye bestow'd, while he sustain'd the part,
The melting tribute of the feeling heart:
Pitied alike the Husband and the Peer,
Felt his distress, and shar'd his manly tear:
But when Compassion taught his breast to glow——
When fond Forgiveness beam'd upon his brow——

When with discordant pangs no more at strife,
He caught with transport his repentant Wife:
Chac'd with a kiss the sorrows from her cheek,
And told in looks, what language could not speak;
Reliev'd from silent agony the mind,
Like heaving Ætna, when no more confin'd,——
True to itself, and fir'd in Nature's cause,
Burst in the torrent of extreme applause.

Not so our hope—altho' no frown we fear,
Your gentle plaudits will content us here.
For here we meet, tho' envious Factions low'r,
To pass with pleasantry life's leisure hour——
To snatch relief from ombre and quadrille;
Employ the moments—not the time to kill——
To vent our feelings, give fair Friendship birth,
And bind it with the rosy wreath of mirth:
Pleas'd, if our simple store, and artless toil,
Can light in Beauty's cheek one grateful smile——
More pleas'd, if when our softer scenes appear,
We draw from Beauty's eye one tender tear.

ARLEY.

THE

INVITATION.

TO

DELIA.

THY youthful charms, bright Maid, inspire,
And grace my fav'rite theme,
Whose person kindles soft desire;
Whose mind secures esteem.
O! hear me then, my flame avow,
And fill my breast with joy,
A flame, which taught by time to grow,
No time can e'er destroy:
My tender suit with smiles approve,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

No false, delusive arts I use,
As do the courtly throng,
'Tis Nature kindly aids my muse,
And dictates to my song:

Would'st thou, she cries, true bliss ensure,
Make haste the town to leave,
Where Pleasure's gilded baits allure,
And charm but to deceive:
With me, thro' flow'ry meadows rove,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

Forsake, where all upright appear,
Yet most perfidious prove,
Where knaves the mask of friendship wear,
Or feign the voice of love.
So shall thy inexperienc'd years,
No source of sorrow know;
Nor shed Affliction's homefelt tears,
Nor weep for others woe:
Haste then, from faithless crowds remove,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

Ah! would my Fair this plan pursue,
How happy should I be,
Since all that brings content to you,
Is ecstacy to me.
Yet e'er the public scenes you quit,
Increase my fond delight,
And deign your humble swain to admit
The partner of your flight;
And while the varying seasons move,
To share the sweets of mutual love.

When Autumn yields her ripen'd corn,
Or Winter dark'ning low'rs,
With tend'rest care, I'll sooth thy morn,
And cheer thy ev'ning hours:
Again, when smiling Spring returns,
We'll breathe the vernal air,
And still, when Summer sultry burns,
To woodland walks repair:
There seek Retirement's shelter'd grove,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

What tho' no costly arts display,
The splendour of a court,
Yet rich in Nature's neat array,
We'll join the rural sport;
Where, seated on the verdant grass,
From daily labour freed,
Each shepherd woos his favourite lass,
And tunes his oaten reed,
Remarks the tender turtle dove,
And sings the sweets of mutual love.

No revels there the night consume,
Which oft the Fair undo,
Make beauty lose its lovely bloom,
And often virtue too;

There, free from discontent and strife,
Each undesigning youth
Strives to relieve the cares of life,
With constancy and truth;
Haste then, the fleeting hours improve,
And share the sweets of mutual love.

For can that destiny be just,
That innocence and health
Be yielded up a prey to lust,
Or sacrifice to wealth?
Or shall the mind, where honour dwelt,
Deplore that honour gone,
Which still for others pitying felt,
Itself unpitied mourn?
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs above,
And grant her ever mutual love!

ARLEY.

STANZAS

ON A

YOUNG LADY's BIRTH-DAY,

In the Month of November.

SINCE all to Beauty's rip'ning bloom
Their cheerful homage pay,
Be not displeas'd, that I presume
To hail thy natal day.

Tho' careless joke, and empty mirth,
My thoughtless hours employ,
I'll greet the day which gave thee birth,
With undissembl'd joy;

And, while the Muse's softest strains
In artless numbers flow;
That smiles may recompense her pains,
The fervent wish shall glow.

Henceforward now shall disappear
Dull Winter's cheerless gloom;
November's month shall charm the year,
And wear an annual bloom:

Fresh flow'rets shall unfading blow,
Fresh verdure deck the green;
The meads their choicest beauties shew,
To honour Beauty's Queen.

But should the season now refuse
To act the change I sing;
Should Winter scorn to aid the Muse,
Declar'd the foe to Spring;

The roses that thy cheeks adorn,
Shall hast'ning youth prolong;
Shall yearly grace thy birth-day morn,
And witness to my song:

Or if by Time's all-conqu'ring hand,
Their bloom must wear away;
The roses of thy mind shall stand,
And never know decay.

ARLEY.

LINES

Sent to

A FRIEND WITH A WATCH.

ACCEPT, my friend, and kindly deem
This offering of the Bard;
His token of sincere esteem,
And tribute of regard.

What tho' no trappings I allow;
The Watch thus unadorn'd;
Believe me, when I dare avow,
Its worth should not be scorn'd.

Companion of my earliest youth,
I've oft its value known;
Unsway'd its probity and truth,
By Fortune's smile, or frown.

In Infant state, when Learning's lore,
For Pastime was forgot,
It whisper'd oft the hast'ning hour,
And task remember'd not.

Obedient still to riper age,
When Pleasure leads astray;
'Twill Reason's cool reproof engage,
And chide the ill-spent day.

Remind us, Time unceasing wears,
Howe'er its loss we mourn;
And bid us nurse the passing years,
Which never can return.

ARLEY.

SONG,

Addressed to

A YOUNG LADY.

SHOULD you ask me, what female desert I require
To relish the conjugal life;
Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire
To bias my choice in a Wife:
The charms of a face may occasion a sigh;
The costly allurements of Art
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,
But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendor, or noble descent
Bring comfort wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop to the cup of Content,
I'd gladly partake of them all;
But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,
The raptures that beauty impart,
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
The countenance ever serene,
To cheer with sweet converse as youth wears away,
And dissipate anger and spleen;
Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours
Retirement shall oft set apart;
Whose virtues may sooth when disquietude sours,
And tenderness cherish the heart.

For Fortune, be Honour her portion assign'd,
For Beauty, bright Health's rosy bloom,
Let Justice and Candor ennoble her mind,
And Cheerfulness Sorrow consume:
Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little store,
It's mixture of pleasure and smart,
She'd ever continue, 'till both were no more,
The constant delight of my heart.

ARLEY.

BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

ELIZA was beyond compare,
  The pride of all the plain,
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,
  Ador'd by every swain.

Tho' Nature had each charm combin'd
  The beauteous Maid to grace;
And bade the sweetness of her mind
  Stand pictur'd in her face;

Yet Fortune, from her earliest years,
  A fate disastrous wove;
And doom'd her to an age of tears,
  For one short hour of love.

In childhood's helpless state, bereft
  Of parents' watchful care;
Her inexperienc'd youth was left
  A prey to every snare.

One only fault the Maid possess'd——
—If that a fault we deem——
A tender, unsuspecting breast,
Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,
In wiles that others fear;
Artless herself, she thought mankind
Were, like herself, sincere.

But ah! ere yet the luckless Maid
Had fifteen summers run,
Her faith and honour were betray'd——
Her virtue was undone.

Young HENRY, with successful art,
To win her favour strove;
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm,
With each persuasive pow'r,
He still'd Discretion's kind alarm,
And cropp'd the virgin flow'r.

Her orphan state, her tender years,
  Her pure, unspotted fame,
Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,
  And fan his lawless flame.

By Honour's dictates unrestrain'd,
  By Faith, nor Justice sway'd;
That confidence his vows obtain'd,
  His perfidy betray'd.——

So poor ELIZA's hapless fate
  Fill'd HENRY's breast with care;
Nor could the vain parade of state
  Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd
  All wither in their bloom,
By lawless passion sacrific'd
  Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honour look
  Its Author in the face?
Or how could suff'ring virtue brook
  Invective and disgrace?

No sorrows could afford relief,
  No penitence atone;
The sigh she gave to others' grief,
  She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years,
  Unpitying her distress,
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,
  Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,
  To former friendship cold;
And left her in Affliction's day,
  Uncherish'd, unconsol'd.

So ever thro' the World we find
  Each breast at woe recoils,
And all the favours of mankind
  But last while Fortune smiles.

Too just, life's guilty joys t' endure,
  Too weak its thorns to brave;
No friend but Death she could procure,
  No comfort but the Grave.

Awhile she Heaven's forgiveness pray'd,
  For errors long confest;
Then sought the solitary shade,
  And silent sunk to rest.

Hard-fortun'd sex! in every state,
  From custom's rigid pow'r,
Years of remorse can't expiate
  One inadvertent hour.

Unskill'd in Life's precarious way,
  Should Love their bosoms burn,
And yielding Nature chance to stray,
  They never can return.

In vain they with repentant sighs,
  Their sad experience mourn;
E'en those, who ought to sympathize,
  Abandon them with scorn.

Say why, ye Virgins, who bestow
  On most, Compassion's tear;
The pangs alone yourselves may know,
  You thus refuse to cheer?

O rather kindly condescend
  To aid the drooping fair;
Your mercy with your justice blend,
  And snatch them from despair.

ELIZA's death, when HENRY heard,
  He gave a piteous groan;
The censure of the World he fear'd,
  But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,
  Guilt every bliss destroys;
Intruded on his morning sports,
  And damp'd his evening joys.

At length, with constant grief o'ercome,
  With anguish, and dismay;
He hied him to the lonely tomb
  Which held ELIZA's clay:

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,
  Of all existence tir'd;
He cast his streaming eyes around,
  And mournfully expir'd.

Thus warn'd, ye Fair, with caution arm
'Gainst Man's perfidious arts;
Since Youth and Beauty vainly charm
When Honour once departs.

Let Hymen's sacred bands unite,
Where Passion is declar'd;
Give sanction to approv'd delight,
And authorize regard.

So shall no rankling cares annoy,
No tears unceasing flow;
So shall you feel a Mother's joy,
Without a Mother's woe.

ARLEY.

[The following Lines were the earliest offering to a Young Lady---whose Theatric talents once formed the ornament of the Stage on which she appeared; and whose Memory will be honoured by the Drama which she adorned.

TO

LAURA.

Go, *faithful Muse!* to LAURA fly,
And with thee bear this tender sigh;
Tell her 'tis honest—free from art,
And acts in concert with my heart:

If soft she looks, nor frowns the while,
'Twill take the semblance of a smile;
But if unkind she scorns it—swear
'Twill melt that moment to a tear:——

Fly, *Muse*, and let the Fair One know,
'Tis her's to fix my weal or woe;
Array'd in Beauty's loveliest bloom,
She stamps my bliss, or seals my doom.

Bid her recall that happy hour,
When to the box the wand she bore;
And having play'd her public part,
Came privately to steal my heart.

Go, *Muse*, and ask the charming Maid,
If pond'ring since on what I said,
She ever wish'd, nor would disdain,
To pass that halcyon hour again?

While all were on the scene intent,
My thoughts alone on her were bent;
Her smiles to kingdoms I'd prefer,
And I could only gaze on her.

Haste, haste, my *Muse*, once more intrude,
And ask if LAURA thought me rude?
Ask, if that sweet engaging brow
To every Swain is always so?

Ask, if those looks were only meant,
As cold respect and compliment?
Ask, if her heart was wholly free,
Or felt one partial glow for me?

Perhaps that youthful bosom, yet
Hath no endearing object met;
Ah me! what transports he must prove,
Who raptur'd wins her *Virgin Love!*

For me, unskill'd, unus'd to plead,
My humble Verse may ill succeed;
Yet LAURA, to that Verse attend,
And *in the Lover* mark *the Friend.*

While life's transcendant morn is yours,
While Beauty blooms, and Youth endures;
A thousand Swains will hourly kneel,
And what they fancy, swear they feel.

Lascivious age will round thee press,
And shock thy early tenderness;
Will dare to *bribe* the *free-born Mind,*
And give you gold to have you kind.

Ah, LAURA! shun the treach'rous foe,
Who'd sink thy feeling heart so low;
Such wretches scorn, and him approve,
Who only offers Love for Love.

ARLEY.

ELEGY.

To the LADY who will best remember it.

When strong Affliction deeply wounds the breast,
  When Sorrow sits within the moisten'd eye;
When the heart sinks, with pond'rous grief opprest,
  And the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh;

Lost to all life, averse from every joy,
  Disdaining comfort, scorning all repose,
The pensive Soul can brook but one employ——
  Brooding in gloomy silence o'er its woes.

Come then, thou Partner of my cheerless hour,
  Come, faithful Muse, and seek the lonely grove,
Retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,
  And mark the story of my luckless love.

For thou, the truest, tenderest, best of friends,
  The fond companion of my earliest youth,
Wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,
  Untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.

Oft hast thou tried, and oft with kind success,
  To smooth the sorrows of my aching brow;
But ah! I never felt severe distress,
  Or prov'd th' extreme of misery till now.

Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,
  With thoughtless ease I pass'd the frolick day;
Pluckt every rose, and where I found a thorn,
  Threw, careless threw th' unheeded flow'r away.

Resolv'd the roving, restless mind to cure,
  And guide the future different from the past,
I sought for sweets that might thro' life endure,
  And fondly fancied they were found at last.

I saw the loveliest Rose that grac'd the land,
  With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around,
Too bold, perhaps, I thrust the forward hand,
  Miss'd the fair flow'r, and only felt the wound.

Felt! did I say! deep rankling in my heart,
  No time can mitigate my suffering there;
Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,
  And all my black'ning prospects frown despair.

And yet, lov'd Maid, if partial to my Muse,
  Her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear;
If, softly-sighing, thou wilt not refuse,
  To shed with her one sympathizing tear;

That single tear that dews ELIZA's cheek,
  Shall for a moment wash my griefs away;
That sigh, tho' half suppress, shall more than speak,
  And gild the evening of each mournful day.

Then shall I think 'twas not ELIZA's heart,
  'Twas not her gentle breast refus'd to glow;
'Twas not ELIZA's self who bade us part,
  The World, the unfeeling World pronounc'd it so.

The unfeeling World that thinks where riches roll,
  Where titles blazon, joys can never cease;
That waves each soft emotion of the soul,
  And builds on publick clamour private peace.

And yet, ELIZA, thou may'st live to prove,
  And thy fond heart may own it with a sigh,
That the endearing sweets of mutual Love,
  No Wealth, no State, no Splendour can supply.

Form'd as thou art, with every outward grace,
  With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,
Think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,
  Pride, Pomp, and Grandeur may be dearly bought.

Though Honour's noblest circle thou'lt adorn,
  And dignify in every sphere the Wife,
ELIZA, or I much mistake, was born
  To shine amidst the soften'd joys of life.

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,
  Each future hour to sorrow I resign;
Death only can alleviate my distress,
  And the last parting moment shall be Thine!

ARLEY.

LOVE RENEW'D,

A

SONNET.

LIGHT fly the hours, attendant joy,
Gay mirth, and every sweet employ,
Chasing the short-liv'd moments, prove
The blissful state of growing Love:

New to the heart, the youthful Fair,
First learns to feel a tenderer care;
A fond solicitude, which says,
How poor the Calm of former Days!

Then hope and fear, alternate reign,
Transition of delight and pain;
That dear distress, that charming strife,
Which interests every scene of life:

The cheek suffus'd, the downcast brow,
The sigh escap'd we know not how;
The soft rebuke, th' unwilling blame,
Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

Sweet is the Passion thus pursu'd,
But sweeter far is Love Renew'd;
That Love, which, when the bosom thrill'd,
Suspense with icy hand hath chill'd;

Hath doom'd to sit the mournful day,
And weep the ling'ring time away;
The heart's best prospects, once so fair,
Chang'd in an instant to despair.——

How hard! to view the budding Rose
In Life's glad morn its sweets disclose;
Then in the fond expectant hour,
To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet! when Hope was scarce alive,
To see that hour again revive;
The long-lost Rose once more to view,
With ripen'd fragrance bloom anew;

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity blends,
Then Mem'ry all her aid extends;
Past sorrow, heightens present joy,
And rapture lives without alloy.

ARLEY.

CHARACTERISTIC SONG.

Supposed to be sung by a SAILOR's LASS, to her FAVORITE; who has been treating her rather unkindly.

YOUR MOLLY has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the '*Bacco-Box*—mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks, with you,
Did I e'er give a Buss, TOM, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind to my THOMAS I staid,
For his Trowsers I wash'd, and his Bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With SUSAN, from *Deptford*, and *Billingsgate* SAL,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my TOM with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,
Tho' I boast not the Name, I've the truth of a Wife;
For falsehood in Wedlock too often is priz'd,
And the Heart that is constant should not be despis'd.

ARLEY.

The following POEM, in a distant part of the World, had Fact for its Foundation. The Lovers thus described, parted, with the Emotions the Story gives them. The Dialogue only is fanciful: it is the Form which the Author adopted, as the best Method of conveying to the Public

THE

REPENTANCE OF PASSION.

HE.

And does my *Harriet* still adhere,
To wear Affliction's garb alone;
Still does she hold her Spoiler dear,
And prize his peace who broke her own?
Still will she strive his pangs to heal,
Who all her youthful honours tore,
And near his pillow constant kneel,
When every power to please is o'er?

SHE.

And does my Love, unkind, suppose
I e'er would leave his lonely bed;
Forsake the Youth my heart has chose,
And fly, because his health has fled?

And will he, sunk in sad despair,
  Believe his *Harriet* loves no more;
Or think, while she can sooth one care,
  That every power to please is o'er?

HE.

Ah! cease to sooth my woe-worn head!
  Shun the sad wretch thou can'st not save;
Nor hover round that guilty bed
  Where martyr'd Virtue found its grave:
Here sunk the glories of thy youth,
  Each blooming honour doom'd to fall;
Here, Treachery triumph'd over Truth,
  And here, stern Death, shall expiate all.

SHE.

Ah! cease to wound my heart anew!
  Still if thou bend'st at Sorrow's shrine,
Again thy *Harriet* thou'lt undo,
  For *Harriet*'s life is wrapt in thine;—
Had I ten thousand wrongs endured,
  And that lov'd cheek one tear let fall,
That single tear each pang had cured;
  —One tender sigh would expiate all.

HE.

O spurn me!—Case thy heart in steel——
  Give just resentment all its force;
Nor by such kindness, make me feel
  The torture of severe remorse.
Why, in life's early happy day,
  When health and joy gave means to bless;
Why did I heedless turn away,
  From her who lov'd to such excess?

SHE.

Lament no more, my bosom's friend;——
  Thy errors past, thy cares should cease;
Corroding thought awhile suspend,
  And nurtur'd Hope shall teem with peace;
Thy kind, thy gentle *Harriet* sues,——
  Clings round thy arm with fond caress;
Nature will every fault excuse,
  And sweetly pardon Love's excess.

HE.

Too tender, too relenting Fair!
  My fault can never be forgot;
Unpitying Love would scorn my pray'r,
  And injured Nature owns me not;

When, in the fond ingenuous hour,
Thy native tenderness was shewn,
How did I meanly sport with pow'r,
Betray thy love, and shame my own.

SHE.

Hear me, thou persevering man!
Hear, what thy *Harriet* firmly swears——
If courted death must be thy plan,
Remember, 'twill but prelude hers;
Here will she wait thy final doom——
Then drench'd in tears, and desp'rate grown,
Stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,
Forget thy love, and end her own.

HE.

Lend me thy aid, to combat Fate;
For thy dear sake I'll strive to live;
Draw near me,—help, oh! 'tis too late—
Take the last kiss I now can give:
Wan is that cheek you oft have prest,
And dim those eyes you lov'd so well;
And the hard pang that rends my breast,
My fault'ring tongue can scarcely tell.

SHE.

Here—on this bosom, rest thy head——
Speak—look upon me—breathe once more—
His pulse is still—oh God! he's dead—
Fate, do thy worst,—the conflict's o'er!

Weep for their woes, ye tender few—
You'll pity what you feel so well;
My humble pen but paints for you;
How just—the trickling tear shall tell.

ARLEY.

SONNET.

Written for

A YOUNG LADY

ON HER

FIRST PASSION.

How happy the season of Childhood appears!
Those hours of contentment, those smooth-gliding years,
When the heart knows no sorrow, disturb'd by no guile,
And the Tear, if it trickles, is caught by a Smile.

Farewell to that peace, which Indifference bestows,
Love pierces my bosom, and wounds my repose;
My Passion to stifle, I'm forc'd to deceive,
But tho' Smiles mask my Sorrows, they cannot relieve.

ARLEY.

The Poems of ARLEY that follow are original.

AN

EVENING's CONTEMPLATION.

Written in

A GARDEN.

FLED from the dear, delusive town,
From scenes of pomp and noise,
Here undisturb'd, I'll sit me down
And taste serener joys.

Here Happiness must ever live,
Here Health and Peace unite,
While Art and Nature join to give
Refreshment with delight.

O lovely spot! O blest retreat!
With constant verdure crown'd;
Content explores the halcyon seat,
And gladdens all around.

Thy grass-bound walks, thy gentle slopes,
Thy ivy-mantled grove,
Revive the aged's drooping hopes,
The youth's expiring love.

But chief this turf-clad terras charms
Wide opening to the view,
Here free from tumults, rude alarms,
The Muse is ever new.

What various objects meet the sight,
Nor meet the sight in vain;
For now the near approach of Night,
Inspires the moral strain.

How still the close of parting day,
The sun withdraws his pow'r:
Attend, ye thoughtless and ye gay,
Nor dread one serious hour.

Mark, how that field (an emblem true),
Has lost its wonted bloom;
For cover'd with Night's sable hue,
It wears a mournful gloom.

The mind of Man is like the mead,
With Sorrow's clouds deprest,
When innocence hath ceas'd to spread
Its sunshine o'er the breast.

See silver Thames serenely glides,
How smooth his current flows;
And lulls, with gently-waving tides,
The Mariner's repose.

Should tempests rage, and winds deform,
The waters charm no more;
The Sailor dreads th' impending storm,
And glad resigns his store.

'Tis thus the nuptial state affords
Uninterrupted joy,
When no discordant hasty words
The husband's peace destroy.

His leisure seeks no gay resort,
But to his partner steals;
And thinks the longest day too short
To speak the bliss he feels.

But when the gales which passions blow,
The bosom's calm remove;
He flies the Fair-one's angry brow,
And scorn succeeds to love.

Turn, and observe that lab'ring Clown,
  He digs an artful hole;
And puts his trap with caution down
  To catch the purblind mole.

Like him, designing men prepare
  To lure the virgin mind;
Then shun betimes the treach'rous snare,
  Or Love will make ye blind.

Pursue, ye tender blooming Maids,
  The pleasing calls of youth;
Yet e'er the Shepherd's flame invades,
  Be certain of his truth.

And now the roving eye would pass
  To yonder distant hills;
For having no perspective glass,
  The breast with wonder fills.

Thus narrow-sighted mortals strive,
  To fathom future fate;
But unenlighten'd while alive,
  Their knowledge comes too late.

So all around—meads, marsh, or glades——
  Reflection won't refuse;
For every different object aids
  The contemplative Muse.

But Night prevents the growing song,
  Obscuring every ray——
Thus Death will darken all ere long,
  And close Life's little day.

ARLEY.

THE

CAT, THE EAGLE, AND THE SOW,

A FABLE.

ONCE on a time, in ancient days
(I sing but what friend Æsop says),
It so fell out, no matter how,
A Cat, an Eagle, and a Sow,
Chose at the self-same Tree to sleep,
And part with that they cou'dn't keep.
The Eagle, willing to be high,
Built on the branches next the sky;
Fond of the mire, the wallowing Sow
Litter'd among the roots below;
While Puss, the wisest of the three,
Preferr'd the middle of the Tree;
As best to act her private labours,
And watch the motions of her neighbours.

Now, you must know, this Cat was one
Of those that all wise people shun,
An artful, sly, designing creature,
Cunning, and mischievous by nature;
Would purr, and fondle to your face,
But scratch you in another place:
Under pretence to seek a mouse
She'd gain admittance to your house;
Yet e'er your back was fairly turn'd,
Would steal a steak, and swear 'twas burn'd.
This Cat, then, having form'd a plan,
Up to the Eagle's dwelling ran,
And thus, with fawning speech, began:
O mighty Queen of Birds! I come,
To warn thee of approaching doom;
While here wrapt up in peace you lie,
Nursing your royal progeny,
And conscious of no evil, trust
That all the World, like you, are just;
Too self-secure, you little know
Th' intentions of that grov'ling Sow,
Who daily undermines us all,
In hopes that soon the Tree will fall;
And then, your Eaglet and my Kitten,
By her and bantlings will be eaten;
Wherefore, I humbly do presume
Your Majesty should keep at home.

This said, away tripp'd Madam Puss,
Sought out the Sow, and spoke her thus:
For you and for myself I fear,
In vain your infant Pigs you rear;
In vain with care you strive to fat 'em,
For soon yon Eagle will be at 'em.
The instant that you stir from home,
Souse from her nest she'll downward come;
Nor less I tremble for my brood,
Tho' Pigs, perhaps, are sweeter food;
To stay within you'll find expedient,
So Mistress Sow your most obedient.
And now the Cat all day lay quiet,
But stole abroad at night for diet,
While the poor, deluded pair,
Fearful of each other's snare,
Kept themselves so close confin'd,
They soon were starv'd, and left behind
Prey to the Cat, their helpless young,
Sad victims to her treacherous tongue.

Reflected in this mirror view,
The destiny that waits on you;
Who like the Eagle, in her nest,
Admit such traitors to your breast:
Villains, who, to gain their ends,
Affect to be your dearest friends;

Th' affairs of other folks make known,
To learn the secrets of your own;
Then, with officious tales they run,
While he that trusts them, is undone:
Your Wife, your Children, worldly wealth,
Your fame, your peace of mind, your health,
Of all you have they'll strip you bare,
And take the very clothes you wear:
Then, not contented with your coat,
Smile in your face—and cut your throat.

And you, ye specious knaves, attend
The Fable, contemplate and mend;
What tho' the purpose you design'd
Has fully answer'd to your mind;
What tho' not openly betray'd,
You riot o'er the waste you made.
Can titles, pomp, or large estate
For loss of honour compensate?
'Tis not the balm that affluence brings
Can ease the pangs of conscience stings;
Remorse shall rend your guilty breast,
Reflection break your troubled rest;
Lamenting Widows, Orphans' tears,
Shall still unceasing wound your ears:
The crimes you have so long conceal'd,
At length, by Time, shall be reveal'd;

When torn with rage, deprest with fear;
Contempt shall meet you every where:
Then read my Fable o'er agen,
And learn to live like honest men.

ARLEY.

EPISTOLARY VERSES

TO A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

AT

ETON.

JOY to my youthful Friend, whom Eton loves,
Whom Learning favours, and the Muse approves;
Whose early genius, and whose rising fame,
On Virtue's basis found a future name!

Nurs'd in the Lap of Science, every hour
Contributes to encrease thy valued store;
Each hast'ning day, with fresh instruction fraught,
Improves the mind, and elevates the thought;
Maturer years thy youthful toils shall crown,
And Eton boast the plant herself has sown;

The Muse, entwin'd in Friendship's sacred band,
Would wish those toils surpass'd, those years at hand,
Would joy to see the harvest thank thy care,
And yield thee every blessing life can share:
But oh! my Friend, how can the Muse, who knows,
That life encreasing brings encrease of woes;
That youth's the surest season of delight,
While riper pleasures pall the sick'ning sight.
Say, can she thus desire thy years to haste,
Or wish thee purer joys than now you taste?
Could she bestow, had Nature given the pow'r,
A happier era than the present hour?
While fresh with health, with youthful vigor gay,
Calm and serene Time sweetly glides away.
In search of knowledge cheerfully employ'd,
No minute lost, no season unenjoy'd;
Each hour of leisure innocently spent,
And every moment gilded with content.

Engag'd in pleasing toils, and glad pursuits,
'Tis now, my Friend, you cull life's choicest fruits;
Nor broke by Care, nor chill'd by Fortune's frown,
Their sweets unsullied, and their thorns unknown;
Whether, attentive o'er th' instructive page,
You glean the labors of the classic Age,

Or, eager to excell in active sport,
Seek the green mead, and join the gay resort;
Whether in converse with Etonia's sons
You trace the bank where Thames meand'ring runs;
Or, lonely pensive, mark the murm'ring stream,
Invoke the Muse, and urge the lofty theme;
In every pastime, every toil you find
A temp'rate bosom, an unruffled mind;
No sorrows cloud, no rude reflections sour
The recreative, or the studious hour;
Free from the storms of guilt, the starts of fear,
Yours is the transient, if the frequent, tear;
The lively hope, the undissembl'd smile,
Faith without bribe, and Friendship without guile.

Learn then, my Friend, your happiness to prize,
(*Marcus the voice of Cato won't despise),
Let not the trivial incidents, that wait
Daily to checquer life's precarious state,
That cheerful, sweet serenity remove,
Which Virtue's sons can never fail to prove:
So, when a few short years shall change the scene,
And greater ills more frequent intervene;
When riper manhood deeper sorrows shares,
And every day its load of anguish bears;

* Alluding to their having perform'd those Characters, at a private Play.

Howe'er thy Fortune's cast, whate'er thy lot,
The conscious worth will never be forgot:
O'erwhelm'd with ev'ry woe, you cannot fall,
Virtue will rise superior to them all!

ARLEY.

AN

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

Written

For the Benefit of

A COUNTRY PLAYER.

As some poor Candidate for vacant place,
With courteous countenance, solicits grace;
Protests all former errors to reform,
And promises much more than he'll perform;
Duly elected, by the ballot law,
Thanks you for favors which you can't withdraw,
Then flies to contemplate the coming store,
Receives the profit, and is heard no more:
So I, and doubtless with the same design,
Beg your benevolence for me, and mine:
Obsequious bowing, crave the public care,
And vow no labor, and no toil to spare;

Like brother Candidate, now come at last,
To make acknowledgments for kindness past;
Declare your bounties well o'erpay my pains,
Then sneak behind the scene——to count my gains:

Thus far, perhaps, the simile stands good——
No farther would I have it understood.
Unlike th' ingrate, tho' favors cease to flow,
Never may I forget the debt I owe.
Still as each circling season shall return,
May gratitude, within this bosom burn;
Bid me be mindful of your smiles before,
And make me study to deserve them more.

Nor for myself alone I ask applause,
With trembling voice——I plead the gen'ral cause;
For all my breth'ren your assistance crave,
Your grace to pardon, your relief to save.
Hard is the fortune of each strolling Play'r,
Necessity's rough burthen doom'd to bear;
From no calamity of life exempt,
Tortur'd with hunger, trampl'd with contempt;
Each opening mind, each dawning genius, see
Check'd by the hand of cheerless poverty.
What can support, and raise a young beginner,
When *Denmark's Prince* may want to-morrow's dinner?
How can *Mercutio* smile——not worth a groat,
Unwash'd his linen, and unpaid his coat?

Can *Romeo* weep, can *Juliet* JUSTLY die,
When Nature craves for both her just supply?
Or can the deep distress of injur'd *Lear*,
Exert its pow'r to urge the feeling tear?
Say, can that breast another's mis'ry moan,
Which still with ceaseless woe laments its own?
Oh no!——that Actor who would hope to please,
Must boast contentment, and a mind at ease.
That bosom, which would picture other's care,
Must be itself a stranger to despair.——

Then kindly deign to grant the aid we need,
Accept the weak endeavour for the deed:
Permit your poor petitioners to live,
And take our Thanks——the all we have to give!

ARLEY.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone, return'd to kindred soil,
The child of industry hath ceas'd from toil;
Life's active path, he blush'd not to pursue,
His virtues ample, his desires but few;
Content gave mod'rate wishes power to please,
And honest labour honourable ease:——
But, when he fondly thought fatigue was o'er,
And wealth fast-flowing, promis'd joys in store,
Death check'd, at once, the momentary pride,
And all his earthly prospects instant died.

Here, then, thou slave of riches, tool of pow'r,
Pause——recollect——indulge the pensive hour;——
If virtuous efforts thus no fruit can bear,
And this the meed that waits on worldly care,
How weak! how vain! to think in base employ,
A *Life* of guilt can yield an *Hour* of joy.——

ARLEY.

A

MORAL PICTURE.

ALL hail to thee! thou peaceful lone retreat!
Welcome this rude uncultivated spot!
Where Hospitality has fix'd her seat,
In humble Poverty's sequester'd cot.

Those barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
That solitary stream meand'ring slow;
This little pasture, and these scanty flocks,
Have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and Fortune's minions scorn'd,
Remote from crowds on schemes of grandeur bent,
Here simple Nature, sweetly unadorn'd,
Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whose tott'ring roof
Seems just departing from its time-worn thatch;
A generous pair, Compassion's noblest proof,
For ev'ry traveller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,
  With few possessions they've abundant wealth;
In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find
  Life's choicest blessings, Innocence and Health.

Together once they trod its early stage,
  Together now they journey down the vale;
Past scenes of youth endear approaching age,
  And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
  With artless prattle every care beguiles;
She, while her parents cherish and improve,
  Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,
  Her future weal still anxious to secure;
Content, when summon'd to their final doom,
  To leave her honest, tho' they leave her poor.

"O sacred wedlock! flame for ever bright!
  "Perpetual source of untumultuous joy!
"Pure silent stream! that flows with new delight,
  "Bliss still encreasing, sweets that never cloy;

"'Midst bustling throngs, thy soft endearments charm,
  "Restrain the husband, and protect the wife;
"But chief thy chaste connubial raptures warm
  "The peaceful current of unruffled life."

There the mild transports of the social hour,
  Forbid each all-completed wish to roam,
Best pleas'd to seek Retirement's halcyon bow'r,
  And rear their rip'ning progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little great,
  Ye ever-roving, ever-thoughtless crew,
Suspend a while magnificence and state,
  To learn Contentment from the happy few.

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting Fair,
  Who from your children banish Nature's friend,
Here view the pattern of maternal care,
  And while you contemplate that pattern mend.

Come, wearied Indigence, forget thy woes,
  This faithful cottage harbours no disguise;
Here, undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,
  And taste that comfort which the world denies.

ARLEY.

TO

A FRIEND,

With

A SWORD.

DULY observant of my word,
Accept, at length, the promis'd sword;
Fearless accept, nor think, I send
A dangerous present to my friend.

Tho' wisely, we the weapon dread,
If anger, or if folly lead,
Good-nature, and good-sense may wear
The harmless gift without a fear;

O ne'er may you the blade unsheath,
Unless to guard bright Honor's wreath;
For hapless he, who idly draws
His sword, in ought but Virtue's cause;

Tho' anxious to preserve our name,
Beyond ourselves we prize our fame;
Still may my friend with caution act,
And reason justify the fact.

The breast impatient of control,
Denotes the coward, or the fool;
True valor, you alone will find,
Dwells in the calm attemper'd mind.

The man whom discord bids recoil,
Who careful shuns the midnight broil,
Soon as his Country calls, afar
Will dauntless brave the storms of war.

Ever may smiling peace attend,
And cheer each moment of my friend;
And may he never lose the sword,
'Till lost to honor and his word!

ARLEY.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. STERNE.

Which happened at the time of the General Election, 1768.

WHILE venal crowds for worthless men engage,
Who basely promise what they won't perform;
While Freedom's purchas'd, and while Faction's rage
Rends England's peace with her septennial storm;

Unaw'd by pow'r, unsway'd by partial views,
Deaf to the clam'rous roar of public strife,
Calmly contemplative, the private muse
Marks the calamities of private life:

Sees worth and wisdom daily sink away,
Sees, and laments them, with a kind concern,
E'en now to sorrow yields the pensive lay,
And drops a tear for genius and for *Sterne*.

O! form'd to please, to urge the social sigh,
The gloomy hours of anguish to beguile,
To temper humour with humanity,
And melt the bosom, while you force the smile!

Soon shall thy works, the darts of slander stemm'd,
By Wisdom cherish'd, and by Virtue priz'd,
Be by Hypocrisy alone condemn'd,
By prudish ignorance alone despis'd.

For what is wisdom, what is virtue worth?
Hard-hearted spleen, and rigor to destroy,
To raise compassion, call our feelings forth,
And sooth life's cares with inoffensive joy?

Let Folly's sons, to malice ever prone,
Deem all thy labors vain, caprice and whim,
Benignity and Truth, will ever own
The generous *Toby* and the faithful *Trim*.

Grant, decency may sometimes discommend,
And plead its outward barriers you assault;
Maria's woes, and poor *Le Fevre*'s end
Make ample recompense for every fault:

Long Gratitude thy memory shall revere,
Long, as benevolence and virtue reign;
Pity, thy monumental stone shall rear,
And daily dew it, with a tear humane.

There honor, love, and friendship, shall attend,
Wait round thy silent ashes as they sleep;
There, wit and genius mourn their common friend,
And mirth, unpatronis'd, shall learn to weep.

ARLEY.

SONNET.

TO

MELISSA's LIPS.

DEAR balmy lips of her who holds my heart
In the soft bondage of a love sincere!——
Dear *balmy* lips! your cherub smiles impart
To your adoring suppliant's earnest pray'r.
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!
Dear lips!——permit *my trembling lips* to press
Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:
And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,
Will you——(dear lips!) the eager strangers bless?

"Ah fond request!"—the beauteous owner cries,
"Cease, wayward youth!——whoever touches——
dies!"

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

THE

VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE!

WAK'D by the breath of spring, in ev'ry vale
The latent primrose rears her sickly head;
The virgin snow-drop decks the verdant bed,
And vi'lets blue perfume the passing gale.
The tuneful linnet plumes her speckled wing,
The tender stock-dove coo's in every grove,
The soaring lark chaunts loud the song of love;—
All nature owns thy influence, *genial* spring!
All, all but I!—condemn'd by wayward fate
To bear Love's keenest arrow in my breast:
'Tis vain to wish—to hope, alas! too late—
No change of season gives my bosom rest!

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,
To dew the wither'd sod that marks my grave!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

MELISSA's RETIREMENT.

Ah me! why heaves my breast with frequent sighs?
What chills my heart with such unusual fear?
Why steal the tears, unbidden, from my eyes?——
Why sink my wearied spirits in despair?
The fatal cause, alas! I know too well!
Far from my arms you, cruel! mean to go:
Hence, hence my unavailing sorrows flow:
But,—can I live to hear you say "farewel!"
Yes, I shall live, to grief a wretched prey——
For, when your presence cheers the calm retreat,
My moans the widow'd dove will oft repeat,
And ev'ry gale will sighs of *mine* convey!

Then go!—But think of him who, sad,—forlorn—
Here pines and sickens for your dear return!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

TO

MAY.

In vain, soft May, thy fragrant flowers blow;
In vain, thy feather'd minstrels pour the strain
Of praise and love.——I wretched, still remain
The child of suff'rance, and the prey of woe!
The *faint* Narcissus, and the musky rose,
I've often woo'd to my delighted breast;
The primrose, and the vi'let too, I chose,
And in one nosegay all their sweets compress'd.
The lark's wild hymn, the linnet's artless lay,
Oft "tun'd to ecstacy" my youthful heart;——
But now!——thy blossoms, and thy birds, soft May,
To this sad breast no rapture can impart!

Melissa's frowns, thy gentle pow'r control,
And spread the clouds of Winter o'er my soul.

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

TO

MELISSA.

WHENE'ER thy Angel-form salutes my eye,
What tender spasms convulse my beating heart!
My trembling limbs but small support impart;
My aching bosom heaves the deep-drawn sigh!
A wild confusion overwhelms my brain——
My fault'ring tongue cleaves to the parching roof,
My spirits fail!—ah, melancholy proof
How well thou'rt lov'd!——tho' lov'd, alas! in vain!
——Impell'd by sorrow, should my lovely Maid
Bend her slow footsteps to the silent spot,
Where this distracted head shall soon be laid
In Death's chill clasp, by all—— but her——forgot!
Oh! let her bid my wand'ring Spirit rest,
And the green sod lie lightly on my Breast!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

TO

MELISSA.

THROUGH all the woes which destiny severe,
Has doom'd this wretched bosom to sustain,
One tender thought still moderates its pain,
And saves my lab'ring mind from dire despair!
——When far from thee, by hopeless sorrow led,
O'er stormy seas, and foreign lands thy love shall stray;
Tho' urg'd by want to ask precarious bread,
One tender thought shall cheer the toilsome way!
And when, at last, worn out by ceaseless care,
I seek lone Melancholy's quiet cell,
For THEE I'll earnest breathe my latest pray'r,
On thee my latest thought shall fondly dwell!
'Till the last sigh, shall from my lips depart,
I'll keep *the dear idea* cherish'd in my heart!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

THE

INVITATION.

COME, dear Melissa, come! where *Craia pours
Her silver urn in murm'ring lapse serene,
Near *Bexley*'s humble fane, where ev'ry green
Shall join their foliage to refresh thy bow'rs.
Oft by the winding stream thy love shall stray,
To lure, with harmless guile, the finny race;
Oft too, at eve, the dewy meads he'll trace,
And offer, at thy board, the speckled prey.
Pity, I know, thy gentle breast will move,
For the dumb children of the teeming flood;
—But they are form'd for man's delight and good,
By Providence divine, and heav'nly love.

My angel, come! while summer cheers the plain,
And corn-flow'rs blow, and am'rous doves complain.

BENEDICT.

* A Brook in Kent.

SONNET.

MELISSA!

HER dark-brown tresses negligently flow
In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist;
Her *darker* brows, in perfect order plac'd,
Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below.
The Roman elegance her nose displays——
Her cheeks—soft blushing, emulate the rose,
Her witching smiles, the orient pearls disclose:
And o'er her lips, the dew of Hybla strays.
Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own;
Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart;
Her lovely breast is soft Compassion's throne,
And Honor's temple is her glowing heart.

But I, like Patriarch Moses, praise and bless,
The Canaan which I never shall possess!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

TO THE

RIVER USK, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

OH! stream belov'd! within whose gelid caves,
The Naïads sport the fervid noontide hour!
What bliss was mine, when in my native bow'r,
I sung my simple sonnet to thy waves!
Thy rocks romantic, and thy woods sublime,
Where erst the Druid watch'd the sacred oak,
And the rapt bard his lyre prophetic struck,
Fill'd the rough cadence of my artless rhyme.
When vernal suns dissolv'd the mountain snow,
And all the Nymphs were frighted from thy shore,
I lov'd to see thy flood, majestic flow,
And hear thy bold resistless current roar.

But now!——far from thy banks, I hapless rove,
The slave of fair MELISSA and of love!

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

TO

GENERAL ELIOTT,

ON HIS

ARRIVAL FROM GIBRALTAR.

THOUGH *Gratitude* no arch triumphal rears
To grace the laurel'd HERO's late return;
And tho' no blazing trophies vainly burn,
Or mob tumultuous at thy car appears,
Yet shall thy name, and martial deeds be read,
While CALPE's rock defies the sea and wind!
THY NAME!——the admiration of mankind,
The Briton's pride, and swarthy Spaniards dread!
Trust to the heav'nly Muse thy well earn'd fame:
Hark!——lovely SEWARD strikes th' Horatian lyre,
On Trenta's banks, with more than Roman fire,
And gives to endless Time thy GLORIOUS NAME!
ELIOTT! accept *this* verse——and *it* will be
Immortal too, because address'd to THEE.

BENEDICT.

PARTING ADDRESS

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

Et vix sustinuit dicere lingua, vale! Ovid.

AH! *tuneful* BARD, whose loss the world must grieve,
A last farewell, from one unknown, receive;
Could but my pen with magic force prevail,
Never should DELLA CRUSCA spread the sail;
Ne'er seek in foreign climes repose to find,
Nor leave the *Fair* MATILDA's form behind:
But should'st thou, driv'n by adverse fortune, go,
Be thine the pleasure, ours alone the woe:
May'st thou be favour'd with some faithful friend,
May roseate Health on all thy steps attend;
Safely conduct thee to thy couch at eve,
And in the morn thy first salute receive;
And if sweet peace of mind can ever dwell
Where *Love*, *Almighty* LOVE, has fix'd his spell,

Be *peace of mind*, and every joy thy guest,
While none but *Love*'s soft transports warm thy breast.
And sure, if DELLA CRUSCA should once more,
By prosperous gales be borne to ALBION's shore,
His muse again will tune the vocal lay,
And gently steal the list'ning soul away:—
Again will sweetly charm th' attentive throng,
With all the elegance of *Classic Song!*
Cold were th' unfeeling breast which could refuse
A parting tribute to so sweet a muse;
Envious the hand that would attempt to tear,
The laurel chaplet from thy flowing hair;
Not such *his* wish, who now attempts the lyre—
Warm'd by a spark of thy celestial fire,
Inspir'd by thee, his *Muse* has dar'd the flight,
Pays homage to thy lays—then sinks in endless night.

THEODOSIUS.

THE

AFRICAN BOY.

Ah, tell me, *little mournful* Moor,
Why still you linger on the shore?
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay:
When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by;
Returning at th' approach of Eve,
Your meek salute I still receive.

Benign Enquirer, thou shalt know
Why here my lonesome moments flow:
'Tis said thy Countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,
And pay *Compassion's long arrear.*

'Tis said the num'rous Captive Train,
Late bound by the degrading Chain,
Triumphant come, with swelling sails,
'Mid smiling skies, and western gales;

They come with festive heart and glee,
Their hands unshackled——minds as free;
They come at Mercy's great command,
To repossess their native land.

The gales that o'er the Ocean stray,
And chace the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
JUELLEN *soon will meet thine eye!*
'Tis this that sooths her little Son,
Blends all his wishes into one:
Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
I wou'd forgive her past disgrace:
Forgive the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;
Forgive her lost, distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheek,
And last, her agonizing shriek.
Lock'd in her hair, a ruthless hand
Trail'd her along the flinty strand;
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
The impious spectacle pursu'd:
Still as she mov'd, in accents wild
She cried aloud, *My child! my child!*
The lofty bark she now ascends;
With screams of woe, the air she rends:

The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more;
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.

That day is past: I cease to mourn——
Succeeding joy shall have its turn,
Beside the hoarse-resounding deep,
A pleasing anxious watch I keep:
For when the morning clouds shall break,
And darts of day the darkness streak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
(Oh, may this hope not throb in vain)
To meet these long-desiring eyes,
JUELLEN and the Sun may rise.

* THE BARD.

* These elegant little Poems signed THE BARD, we understand to be from the pen of Mr. JERNINGHAM.

NOTICE.

The following Poems were not inserted in the first Edition of this Work.

TO

MISS FARREN,

ON HER

BEING ABSENT FROM CHURCH.

WHILE wond'ring Angels, as they look'd from high,
Observ'd thine Absence with an holy sigh,
To them a bright exalted Seraph said,
" Blame not the conduct of the absent Maid!
" Where e'er she goes, her steps can never stray,
" RELIGION walks Companion of her way:
" She goes with ev'ry virtuous thought imprest,
" HEAV'N on her FACE, and HEAV'N within her BREAST."

THE BARD.

THE VOICE WE LOVE.

SOFT is the Zephyr's breezy wing;
And balmy is the breath of SPRING,
When o'er the silent dewy Vale
Its variegated sweets exhale,
Stolen from the fresh'ned flower,
Glist'ning with an evening shower,
From the VI'LET's nectar'd dew—
From the ROSE of blushing hue;
And from sweet THYME, empurpling all the ground,
It gathers rich perfume, and sheds the odours round:
Yet say, what sweets can half so fragrant prove,
As the soft Breath of those we fondly love?

Go listen to the softest Lute—
The most persuasive, magic song,
And hear the sweet responsive flute
The wild melodious strains prolong;
Attend awhile, the soft impassion'd lyre,
That melts the frozen heart, and kindles fond desire.

SIMPLICITY, thy steps shall lead,
To the simple, verdant mead;
For to humble plains belong
The *Oaten Pipe*, and *Past'ral Song*:
Untutor'd in the School of Art,
They breathe the impulse of the heart;—
Hear the strain, and mark it well—
There true LOVE and HONOUR dwell.

Whispering from among the trees,
Sighing to the passing wind,
Echoing back the evening breeze,
The soft *Eolian Harp* you'll find.

Mark its wild, uncertain measure,
This is FANCY's sweetest treasure,
There she reigns, and while she sings,
Fairy fingers kiss the strings—
There the *Blue-eyed* PLEASURES meet—
There is LOVE's most fav'rite seat—

There of HOPE, the lov'd retreat,
And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's sweet.

Of all the rapt melodious tones,
That *Heaven-descended* MUSIC owns,
Recall the soft, the magic strain,

That seem'd to vibrate on thine heart,
And could a transient joy impart,
As the wild numbers linger'd thro' the plain.

Then say, *fond* YOUTH, upon thy pensive breast,
Is not this truth indelibly imprest—
" No dulcet sounds can so harmonious prove,
" As the soft accents of the Voice we love?"

CESARIO.

HENRY DECEIVED.

God of the Bow! how *blind* art thou!
Surely the fillet on thy brow
Is coarser wove, than was the case
When Mortals view'd thee face to face.
For well we know your Eyes celestial,
When seen of old by Belles terrestrial,
Were deck'd with bandeau light and airy,
As might become a Summer Fairy.
Their soft blue orbs so slight were bound,
Thy piercing glance no *kind'rance* found;
The Gossamour's transparent skin
  Reposing on the lucid air,
Appear'd no longer light or thin,
  If with thy veil it should compare.

Then was thy sight like Eagles' keen!
  Nor Gods nor Men escap'd thine eye;
  Nor cavern dark, nor beamy sky—
Nay, *Thoughts* scarce born, by thee were seen.
But now—oh dull of eye and heart!
Thou know'st not whence Love's ardors start;

And when stiff * * 's lines appear,
You whisper in my HENRY's ear
That they are EMMA's!!

HENRY believes—HENRY admires;
He thinks he sees his EMMA's fires
Dart vig'rous through each labour'd page—
He *knows*, and *feels* her tender rage;
Then asks—" *And can a Man like me,*
" *Call forth such Poetry in thee?*"
Believing that the pen is mine,
He faints with rapturous pause, on each delusive line.

Thou, HENRY, ne'er canst learn the wounds I felt,
Whilst you, unconscious, such barbed Satire dealt.
Midst your fond praise, my pierc'd heart inly bled,
And shame bow'd down your EMMA's sorrowing head.
What! to be lov'd for Wit I never own'd!
And by a STRANGER's Verse to be dethron'd!
How did I hate the graces of her song—
The cluster'd sweets that round her soft lute throng;
Which like the Bees of Hybla's yellow woods,
Appear'd to pour their wealth in golden floods.
My fancy pictur'd richer notes than fell
From him of old, who to the verge of hell

Led forth the wife he lov'd;—but ah! when read,
Mad jealousy, and childish envy fled;
The harmless lines I saw, without one sigh,
And SMILING WONDER flash'd across my eye.

Mistaking HENRY, look once more;
Again read * * 's Verses o'er!
Should *I* complain of love betray'd?
I, write like some forsaken Maid—
Whilst the warm blood within thy veins
Flows but for ME? Whilst EMMA reigns
Supreme within thy inmost soul,
And *distant*, yet can still controul
Its inmost movements, and desires,
And knows HERSELF sole object of its fires—
Should *She* in dismal ditties mourn,
Whilst Love and Truth so brightly burn?
Mistaking HENRY, look once more—
Again read * * 's Verses o'er!
Were *I* the Poet, *Thou* the theme,
Think'st thou like her's my Verse would gleam
With sunny rays, and misty hills,
And myrtle groves, and foamy rills?
Oh no, THYSELF—HENRY, Thyself alone
Should stand confest on Love's ETERNAL THRONE;
Round THEE the brightness of my Verse should shine,
Round THEE my living Lays for ever, ever twine!

If *Verse descriptive* warms thy heart,
If *that*, bids throbs of Passion start,
I could seize Fancy's various clue;
Untired, her shifting steps pursue.
I'd call Night's Lamp, a Chrystal Bow—
Bid her, her silv'ry shafts bestow
Upon the tufted, emerald plain,
Or shower them o'er the shining main:
Or when the full-orb'd, jolly Moon
Rode dull, and thoughtless to her noon,
I'd swear she dress'd her white-lock'd hours
In choicest hue;—and call'd forth flow'rs
Of softer tint, and mild perfume,
Wove in her own translucent loom,
To deck the world o'er which she hung—
An amorous, ray-crown'd, hov'ring Dove!
But when all this is said, or sung,
It is not, foolish HENRY, LOVE.

I'd bear thee to the mountain's height,
Rear'd, midst the sparkling dome of night;
Observe the Court of Heaven hung round
With drops of flame, on azure ground;
Shew where bright VENUS rolls her car,
And where chill SATURN—monstrous Star!
Through thirty years drives torpid on,
And all these Summers counts as ONE.

Bid Thee regard almost with scorn
Our *trifling System*;—where is borne
In fond Attraction's airy chain
THE MIGHTY PLANETARY TRAIN;
For oh, beyond that System's bounds—
Where that, in all its various rounds
Ne'er shed the faintest ray—
Where the vast Sun's unmeasur'd light
In rushing floods, in boundless flight,
Ne'er *imitated* Day;
Far, far beyond, new orbits trace
In wider heavens, in grander space,
Their gorgeous way in flame!
And these, again, in turn shall shrink,
Abash'd, amidst CREATION sink,
And hardly own a name.

All these may ADORATION move—
With strong Devotion touch the soul,
Bid Piety her incense roll—
But still, my HENRY, 'tis not LOVE.

In future know, when vagrant Verse
Shall any *other* strain rehearse,
Though the rapt Pen may nicely blend
All TRUTH or FICTION e'er could lend
To elevate the Lay

Though all APOLLO's Fire should seem
T' illume the Page with sacred beam,
And bless the Bard with bayes—
Yet, if LOVE thrills not in each turn,
Nor seems along the line to burn,
Nor gives each verse the touch divine—
They are not wrote to THEE, nor are their glories
MINE.

EMMA.

TO.

EMMA.

WAS it the SHUTTLE of the MORN
That wove upon the Cobweb'd Thorn
Thy airy Lay?—Or did it rise
In thousand rich enamell'd dies,
To greet the Noon-day Sun—and glow
With brighter beams, than he can throw?

Or, was it wafted by the AUSTRAL BREEZE,
That bathes him in the wild perfume
Of ev'ry Rose's liquid bloom—
That hangs upon the Lily's lip,
Her silken beverage to sip—
Tell me—O TELL ME, EMMA, which of these?

How burst the Music on my ear!
The only Music HENRY bears to hear!
I felt it!—each strong nerve inflame!
Like a new soul usurp my heart,
And rage and burn in ev'ry part!
Ah! sure, not even Death's cold spell
Could the fierce fury of my passion quell!

But springing from this earthly dross,
Far, to the winds, my cares I'd toss,
And swear, before the living Shrine
Where Seraphs worship Truth Divine,
That still I LOV'D BUT THEE—and THOU WERT
STILL THE SAME.

Ah! wonder not, a STRANGER SONG
Should cheat me thus—I own it wrong.
Low, in the dust, my head I bow,
As if, I COULD, HAVE FALSIFY'D MY VOW!
Yes—banish from thy thought surprise—
For, THOU art ever present to my eyes,
At each successive, varying hour!
THOU, whisper'st in the soft'ning show'r—
The Linnet's trill—but tells of THEE!
THOU, smil'st upon the Summer's Sea!
And when "the Jolly Full Moon" laughs
In her clear Zenith, to behold
The envious Stars, withdraw their gleams of gold,
'Tis to THY HEALTH, she stooping quaffs
The Sapphire Cup that FAIRY ZEPHYRS bring,
Which, gay, intoxicating BLISS
With dewy glances, paus'd to kiss,
Where FROLIC LOVE has dipp'd his purple wing!

Then let the HARP thy mad touch prove,
And SING—and SING AGAIN—of LOVE!

Sing—till FAINT EVENING drops to rest,
On WEEPING TWILIGHT'S DOWNY BREAST—
Till grey-hair'd MELANCHOLY DAWN,
Culls the loose vapours from the Shadowy Lawn!—
And only check the rapture-breathing sound,
When faithful HENRY at thy feet is found!
YES, YES, I COME, with light'ning speed I fly,
To meet th' Enchantment of thy melting Eye!
To kneel before thee—to subdue thy blame,
For still I LOVE BUT THEE—and THOU ART STILL THE SAME!

HENRY.

The following Lines were addressed to MR. HUMPHREY, the celebrated Miniature Painter, on his

PORTRAIT OF MISS FARREN,

BY

LORD DERBY.

O THOU, whose pencil all the Graces guide,
Whom Beauty, conscious of her fading bloom,
So oft implores, alas! with harmless pride,
To snatch the transient treasure from the tomb;

Pleas'd, I behold the Fair, whose comic art
Th' unwearied eye of taste and judgment draws;
Who charms with Nature's elegance the heart,
And claims the loudest thunder of applause.

Such, such alone should prompt thy pencil's toil:
Of saving Folly give thy labour o'er;
Fools never will be wanting to our isle,
Perhaps a *Farren* may appear no more.

GENERAL CONWAY'S

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL,

Daughter of the

RIGHT HON. LORD WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

SINCE 'tis the will of all-disposing Heaven,
To seize the boon its kinder hand had given;
Whether on earth thy friendly spirit rove,
Midst the once happy partners of thy love;
(Scenes where thy virtues reign'd, thy talents shone,
And fond affection made each heart thy own;)
Or, bounding swift, has wing'd its airy flight
To the pure regions of eternal light;
Look down, fair Saint, and O, with pity see,
Where sad Remembrance lifts each thought to thee.
Accept the heaving sigh, the trickling tear;
The last, best offerings of a heart sincere.

What tho' no costly hecatombs should bleed,
Nor lengthen'd train in sable pomp succeed;
Yet shall the sweetest flowers thy grave adorn,
Wash'd by the kindliest tears of dewy morn.
There shall each friend, thy heav'nly virtues made,
With pious dirge invoke thy gentle shade;
Like fragrant incense the soft breath shall rise
And smooth thy passage to thy kindred skies.

Severely kind, O why did adverse fate
Grant such vast bounties with so scant a date?
Give such sweet fragrance to this short-liv'd flower,
The virtues of an age, to last an hour!
It gave her wit might grace a Muse's tongue,
The charm of numbers, and the power of song;
Th' angelic touch to strike the trembling string,
And tune such notes as its own seraphs sing.
But O! o'er-bounteous, with that sacred art,
It gave each nicer movement to the heart;
And her soft breast, with strong sensation fir'd,
Felt the keen impulse which those arts inspir'd.
Too great a portion of celestial flame
Strain'd the frail texture of her weaker frame;
The subtle fire too pow'rful forc'd its way
Thro' the soft yielding mould of mortal clay:
As the clear air in crystal prison pent,
Oft bursts its fair but brittle tenement;
While in the dust the glittering fragments lie,
The purer æther gains its native sky.

Ere the stern Sisters cut the vital thread,
I saw, and kiss'd her on the fatal bed,
Just as her gentle spirit took its flight,
And her faint eye-lids clos'd in endless night;
No strong convulsions shook her parting breath;
No tremors mark'd the cold approach of Death:
Her heart still heav'd, with vital spirit warm,
And each soft feature wore its wonted charm.

Ah me! in this perplexing maze of fate;
This doubtful, erring, varying, restless state;
Tho' guilt with swelling sail elate shall steer,
With pomp and pleasure crown'd, its full career;
Tho' worth like thine no pitying power shall save,
From sickness, pain, and an untimely grave:
Yet stay, rash mortal, nor presume to scan,
By thy imperfect rule th' Almighty's plan.
O censure not his Sovereign, high behest,
But prostrate own, whatever is, is best:
Judgment's the part of Heaven; Submission, thine:
We may lament; but we must not repine.
Each has his lot (for so does Heaven ordain)
His stated share of happiness and pain:
And mortals, best its just commands fulfil,
When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.

EPITAPH

OF

MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

O *pensive* PASSENGER! do not deny
To pause a while, and weep upon this Tomb;
For here the cold remains of CAMPBELL lie—
This narrow spot the vernal Maiden's doom.

With her, alas! the fairest talents fell—
And now her *Harp's melodious Song is o'er*;
Gone is that Pulse, which PITY lov'd to swell,
And all her Virtues are on Earth no more.

Yes, she was gentle as the twilight breath,
That on the fainting Violet's bosom blows,
Meekly she bow'd her to the Frost of Death,
In faded semblance of the Silver Rose.

And oft low bending o'er this hallow'd ground,
  Shall the *pure Angel*, INNOCENCE appear;
And FRIENDSHIP, like a *Hermit*, shall be found,
  To bathe the circling Sod with many a Tear.

AMICUS.

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND'S

VERSES

ON HIS NIECE

MISS GARDINER.

As late FLORINDA on her death-bed lay,
And felt, compos'd, each vital pow'r decay;
No longer science could her bloom sustain,
And KINDRED TEARS* in showers fell in vain:
The sun meridian glimmer'd to her eye,
And panting breath announc'd her end was nigh:
She turn'd, and smiling ask'd, "When shall I die?
"In realms above my long-mourn'd mother join?
"See, see her arms stretch'd out to meet with mine!"
Adieu, pure SOUL! with rapture take thy flight,
Quit thy dark mansion for *Eternal Light!*—
For bliss eternal! whilst at Heaven's gate
Thy sister Angels thy arrival wait,
Swift to conduct thee to thy parent's breast;
For *Heav'n* has heard, and granted thy request.

* The kindred tears, in the 4th line, are those of the Marchioness Townshend. This is the incident painted by Mrs. Cosway.

THE

CHOSEN PHYSICIAN.

THE NIGHT RUSH'D FORTH! and with her brought
All that is vanquishing to cheerful thought.
Her clouds from hill to hill she threw,
And from her hand red lightnings flew;
She sweeps her raven-robe around,
No Star can pierce *the deep profound:*
Her black winds struggle in the woods,
Her *magic* frees the seal'd-up floods;
They wash high *Ob'lisks* from their base,
And NATURE'S *sweetest traits* efface:
The TEMPEST *howls*—it calls its forces round,
And sudden Thunders midst the Rocks rebound.
WILLIS, in such a horror-giving night,
Saw a swift burst of soft celestial light:
Celestial light in human form!
It wav'd its hand; th' obedient storm,
In dying murmurs, slowly took its flight.

TH' IMMORTAL *spoke!* "Heir of bright Science, come,
I'll lead thee to the hidden dome,
Where all those ills are bred,
That to the silent grave have led
The mourning, laughing Sons of Breath,
Who only live TO TREAD THE PATH OF DEATH."
The ANGEL *ceas'd*, whilst odours grew,
Of which a mystic veil he threw
Around th' entranced *Son of Breath*,
And bad him wake before the Courts of Death.
THE GATES *stiff* HORROR *kept*, with mildew'd wing,
And ever and anon about would fling
Rank pois'nous vapours on the air,
Which gather'd up by *pale* DESPAIR,
And wrapt in epidemial clouds,
Amongst Mankind are hurl'd;
Whilst graves distend their jaws for crouds,
Who come, and thin the groaning world.

Within those direful Portals were display'd,
All that *terrific* FANCY *e'er pourtray'd*
In the sad midnight hour;
When CONSCIENCE-*struck*, the proudest nerves will shake,
When the *forgotten crime will fiercely wake*,
And own the sacred power.
Not one disease that burns within the veins,
Or racks the sinews with obtuser pains;

Not one, that slily feasts on rosy health,
Or riots *boldly* on the heart's best wealth—
But *here* its *fiend-like* GENIUS might be found,
Utt'ring accursed words, and dreadful shrieks around.
When sudden from the meaner crowd
Burst forth a SPECTRE, large and loud;
His eye-balls roll'd with hollow stare,
Abrupt and furious was his air,
He tost wish bitter groans his dismal chain,
Then GRINN'D, *as though he found* FELICITY *in* PAIN.
Where-e'er he mov'd, *his brother sprites*
Shot from his view. His fearful rights
To be SUPREMELY HORRIBLE seem'd own'd,
And in his fiercer pangs their woes aton'd.
The ANGEL seiz'd him as he fled,
And to the *blest* PHYSICIAN led.
"*Bind firm the* MONSTER!" said the heavenly Voice,
On thee, SELECTED MAN, descends th' ALMIGHTY'S *choice.*
To thee his wisdom gives this Fiend to sway,
And pour on those he wounds BRIGHT REASON'S RAY.
Immortal Reason, subject to thy skill,
Shall know again its wonted seat to fill!
Celestial CONSCIOUSNESS its powers recal,
And wild PHANTASMA shall no more appal.
Oh! to *thy* SOV'REIGN fly! for in his veins
The poison of this *raging Demon* reigns:

'*Tis* HEAVEN *commands*; nor thou repugnance feel;
Restore *the* MONARCH'S *Health! restore the* PEOPLE'S
Weal!

Th' inspir'd PHYSICIAN sought the MONARCH'S
bed,
And heavenly balms diffus'd around his head;
He calm'd his Pulse, he sooth'd the Fever's rage,
And knew each ardent symptom to assuage.
OUR SOV'REIGN *wakes!* his Mind no more subdu'd;
Again with health his tepid blood's imbued:
He wakes!
Exulting BRITAIN, hear th' enrapturing sound!
HE *wakes!* oh, EUROPE, waft the tidings round.
ANGELS, report it! hear, SERAPHIC FIRES!
Breathe it, ye CHERUBS, to your rosy Lyres!

But, oh! to WILLIS, what the glorious Meed?
MY COUNTRY, speak! and be th' award decreed!
Let HONOURS, RICHES, round him grateful flow—
YOU GREATLY *rate the Deed—as* GREATLY *then*
bestow!

ANNA MATILDA.

PARIS, *March* 15, 1789.

Advertisement.

Since the Printing of the first Edition of these Works, the Correspondence between DELLA CRUSCA and ANNA MATILDA has been renewed;—— THE EDITOR therefore thinks it proper to continue their respective Writings up to the present time; as also to insert the beautiful Poems by LAURA, and the one she called forth from LEONARDO, &c. These latter additions are necessary, on account of the subsequent allusions to them, and because the lines signed LEONARDO appear to have been produced by the pen of DELLA CRUSCA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

IN VAIN I FLY THEE——'tis in vain,
The swift bark bears me o'er the boist'rous main;
For mid the giant shades that sweep
The heaving bosom of the deep,
When mountain-clouds, lash'd by the gale,
Spread o'er the sun their transient veil,
THY FORM APPEARS!—I see thee haste
Lightly athwart the wild'ring waste!
And shake thy burnish'd locks, and smile,
I see thee—and adore the while.
Do I adore thee?—ah, my Fair!
Since first thy sweet song sooth'd my heart,
I've never known a bliss, a care,
But thou, MATILDA, gav'st a part!
When in HELVETIA's groves I lay,
For thee my hot sighs stole away,
And oft with thee, methought at "*morning's hour,*
Seated in chrystal roseate tow'r,

I saw the Goddess Health pursue
The skimming Breeze, thro' fields of Dew;"
While the high Lark with quiv'ring poize,
Told the gay story of his vernal joys:
And oft as Twilight on the western edge,
Had twin'd his hoary hair with sabling sedge,
IMAGINATION fondly turn'd to thee,
And sought the solace of dear SYMPATHY.
Nor yet the yellow RHINE's impetuous wave,
A short oblivion of my passion gave;
Heedless I trod the sportive banks of RHONE,
For ANNA! O I live, I live for thee alone!
And when to LAURA's tomb I came,
Glowing with PETRARCH's purest flame,
As the first drop my pity shed,
I started as if thou wert dead!
But hark! what cruel sounds are these,
Which float upon the languid breeze,
Which fill my mind with jealous fear,
Ah! *REUBEN is the name I hear.
For him my faithless ANNA weaves
A wreath of Rose, and Myrtle leaves;
On which the winged, am'rous Boy
Has freely wept with tears of joy——

* See REUBEN's Sonnet, and ANNA MATILDA's Answer, which are inserted in the first Volume of THIS EDITION, but which DELLA CRUSCA had never read till immediately before his writing the above.

And binding soft her Fav'rite's brows,
She mingles her too-tender vows.
Hence sounds severe!—no more intrude—
Leave me to Peace and Solitude,
Leave me to tread Life's varying slope—
Leave me awhile to cherish Hope!
For e'en *cold Criticks* have conceiv'd,
So much alike our measures run,
And e'en the *gentle* have believ'd,
That ANNA AND THAT I WERE ONE——
Would it were so!—we then might prove
The sacred, settled unity of Love.
O supposition vain! alas!
I've seen seven fleeting lustres pass,
And now the flush of life is o'er,
And if I e'er could please, I please no more.
Yet tho' my hasty youth is flown,
ANNA! I worship thee unknown—
And check for thee my wand'ring course,
And yield to thy mysterious force—
And I again will take my flute,
When slumb'ring Nature's self is mute,
Save where perchance the Aspin wood
That whispers o'er yon Midnight flood,
Shall drop its shatter'd honors round,
In seeming sorrow at the sound.
And as my faithful voice I raise,
With all the fervency of praise,

O may I lure thee from thy secret bow'r,
To cheer once more my melancholy hour—
So shall I grateful bless strong Fate's decree,
That bids me still RETURN TO POETRY—and
THEE.

DELLA CRUSCA.

October 28, 1788.

TO

HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

'THOU art no more my bosom's Friend;
Here must the sweet Delusion end
That charm'd my Senses many a year,
Through smiling Summers—Winters drear.

O FRIENDSHIP! am I doom'd to find
Thou art a Phantom of the Mind—
A glitt'ring Shade, an empty Name,
An air-born Vision's vap'rish Flame?
And yet the *dear Deceit* so long
Has wak'd to joy my Matin Song,
Has bid my Tears forget to flow,
Chas'd ev'ry Pain, sooth'd ev'ry Woe;
That TRUTH, unwelcome to my ear,
Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear,
Gives to the sense the keenest smart,
Checks the warm pulses of the heart,
Darkens my fate, and steals away
Each gleam of joy thro' life's sad day.

BRITAIN, farewel! I quit thy shore;
My Native Country charms no more;
No guide, to mark the toilsome road,
No destin'd clime, no fix'd abode,
Alone and sad, ordain'd to trace,
The vast expanse of endless space;
To view upon the mountain's height,
Thro' varied shades of glimm'ring light,
The distant landscape fade away
In the last gleam of parting day;
Or in the quiv'ring lucid stream,
To watch the pale Moon's silver beam;
Or, when in sad and plaintive strains
The mournful PHILOMEL complains,
In dulcet notes bewails her fate,
Deserted by a FAITHLESS MATE;
Inspir'd by Sympathy divine,
I'll weep her Woes—FOR THEY ARE MINE.

Driven by my fate, where-e'er I go,
O'er burning sands, o'er hills of snow;
Or on the bosom of the wave,
The howling tempest doom'd to brave;
Where-e'er my lonely course I bend,
Thy image shall my steps attend;
Each object I am doom'd to see,
Shall bid remembrance PICTURE THEE.

Yes, I shall VIEW THEE in each flow'r
That changes with the transient hour;
Thy wand'ring fancy I shall find
Borne on the wings of every wind;
Thy wild impetuous passions trace,
O'er the white wave's tempestuous space;
In every changing season prove,
An emblem of thy wav'ring Love.

Torn from my Country, Friends, and YOU,
The World lies open to my view;
New objects shall my mind engage,
I will explore th' HISTORIC PAGE;
Sweet POETRY shall soothe my soul,
PHILOSOPHY each pang controul;
The MUSE I'll seek—her lambent fire
My soul's quick senses shall inspire;
With finer nerves my heart shall beat,
Touch'd by Heav'n's own Promethean heat;
ITALIA's gales shall bear my song
In soft-link'd notes her woods among;
Upon the blue hill's misty side,
Thro' trackless desarts, waste and wide;
O'er craggy rocks, whose torrents flow
Upon the silver sands below;
Sweet LAND of MELODY, 'tis thine
The softest passions to refine;

Thy myrtle groves, thy melting strains,
Shall harmonize and soothe my pains.
Nor will I cast one thought behind,
On *Foes* relentless—*Friends* unkind;—
I feel, I feel their poison'd dart
Pierce the life nerve within my heart,
'Tis mingled with the vital heat
That bids my throbbing pulses beat;
Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,
Those throbbing pulses BEAT *no more*—
No!—I will breathe the spicy gale,
Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale;
O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,
And DRINK OBLIVION TO MY WOES!

LAURA.

TO

LAURA.

LAURA! I heard thy warbled woes,
At fading Twilight's solemn close:
They met me in yon dreary vale,
Just as the Ringdove ceas'd her tale.
A tale like thine, which seem'd to speak,
That soon her wounded heart would break!
Was it, perhaps, she sought the grove,
In lone solicitude of Love?
Was it, like thee, a faithless mate
She mourn'd too sadly, and too late?
Surely it was—for with the note
I found such melting anguish float,
That watry vapours dimm'd my eye,
And ALL MY SOUL WAS SYMPATHY.

Nor wonder that I so was mov'd,
For I have suffer'd, I have lov'd,
Have felt the truest passion burn,
Have known th' ecstatic blest return,
Have watch'd the look of languor cast,
To shew the rig'rous hour was past:

Then have I press'd the blushing Fair,
With pangs—how diff'rent from despair!
Yet was the bliss so pure, so chaste,
That Seraphs might the rapture taste.
Alas! the joy was doom'd to fade,
Like Day's proud flush in Evening shade——
The EYE, so settled once, would range——
The long-fix'd HEART began to change!

Ah! then, I thought with thee—to try
The only refuge left—and fly.
On many a foreign shore to roam,
And leave my rending cares at home.
Yes, I have trod the ALPINE steep,
By rushing Po have stopp'd to weep;
On the loud DANUBE's banks have stood,
And Eastward cross'd the CASPIAN flood.
'Tis but ILLUSION;——yet remains
Unfaded memory of pains,
The circle wid'ning for relief,
Has still the central point of grief!
Then from th' alluring thought recoil——
'Tis desolating fruitless toil!
But most avoid ITALIA's coast,
Where ev'ry sentiment is lost,
Where TREACH'RY reigns, and base DISGUISE,
And MURDER—looking to the Skies,

While sordid SELFISHNESS appears,
In low redundancy of fears.
O! what can MUSICK's voice bestow,
Or SCULPTUR'D GRACE, or TITIAN GLOW,
To recompense the feeling mind
For British virtues left behind?
Here, rather *here*, thy ills confound,
To list the billows roar around,
To see the misty Phantoms glide
On the choak'd river's willowy side,
When the YOUNG MOON aspires to stream
Her scanty Crescent's feeblest beam.
Then, wistful mark the drenching show'rs
That soil gay Summer's fairest flow'rs;
Scorn the fierce storm, the seasons dare,
And learn to TRIUMPH, or to BEAR!
But if thy sorrow-soften'd heart
In vain resists the venom'd dart,
With mine thy deep afflictions blend,
And for a LOVER LOST, receive A FRIEND.

LEONARDO.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

"And Time, and Youth, and LOVE, must pass away." Creech.

WHILST I danced gaily in the round
Of Folly, on her fairy ground;
And play'd, and sung, and laugh'd away
The feath'ry hours of Life's short day,
Thy INVOCATION, like the flame
Which starts from the Electric frame,
Struck on my heart! I sigh'd, I turn'd,
And ANNA yet for DELLA CRUSCA mourn'd.
When wounded PRIDE suffus'd its blush,
And o'er my nerves its tremors rush.

Ne'er will I "*leave my secret bow'r,*
To cheer thy melancholy hour."
Secure *within* I will remain,
And smile at thy factitious pain;
And when thy Poetry so sweet
Shall next my wand'ring glances meet,

I'll spare a sigh to moments fled——
But ANNA shall to thee be dead.
See—to my couch I laughing turn—
Poetic Passions vainly burn!
The freshest Rose-leaves for my head
Shall form a blushing scented bed;
The elastic Camomile unprest
Invite the sick'ning heart to rest.
FLORA shall ev'ry gift show'r round,
And bid her bright gems deck the ground,
The MYRTLE only there
Shall ne'er unfold its od'rous boughs,
Ne'er flaunt its blossoms fair,
Frail, and alluring as thy vows!
'Tis Love's devoted Tree——
Oh! bid it seek some other home,
Nor spread its sweets for me,
Nor shed its poison round my Dome!

Hah! didst thou hope I should not trace
The *mental features of thy face?*
Didst thou believe the thickest veil
Could DELLA CRUSCA's brow conceal?
Oh! how impossible a task
To hide thy radiance in a mask!
Thy living fires destroy the skreen,
Thou stand'st confest!—thy form is seen.

Yes, write to LAURA! speed thy sighs,
Tell her, her DELLA CRUSCA dies;
In sweetest measures sing thy woes,
And speak thy hot LOVE's ardent throes;——
And when it next shall please thy heart
Towards some other Fair to start,
The gentle Maiden's vers'd in cures
For ev'ry ill, fond Love endures.
She "*drinks Oblivion*" to its pains—
And vows to stain her pallid cheek
With juices of *red Grapes* so sleek,
And sings adieus in Bacchanalian strains.

FALSE *Lover!* TRUEST *Poet!* now farewel!
Hark! in yon *Curfew*'s sound is toll'd the knell
Of our departed Loves. The pensive tale
The surging æther floats across the vale;
The Elegiac sound sooths my sad ear,
And the moist lid sustains a trembling tear.
The crimson veil which deck'd yon mountain's brow,
And glided into gentlest tints, but now,
Already blackens down its swelling side,
And soon the beauties of the plain will hide——
The outstretch'd beauties! where salubrious toil
Calls food, and riches from the sterile soil.
O! wond'rous magic! shall great Labour's name,
Remain unhallow'd by the voice of Fame?

CREATIVE LABOUR! whose all-bounteous hand
Drops flow'rs, and fruits, and forests o'er the land;
Who bids th' indented river curving fly,
Or fix, a silv'ry lake beneath the eye!

But these all sink before the falling Night,
Who tries to seize the flitting beams of light,
But the proud light its am'rous touch eludes,
And a dim shadow o'er the landscape broods.
Soft drizzling rain, the patter'd trees confess,
And chilling breezes on my bosom press.
My hair, whose curls late floated o'er my breast,
Weighty with moisture, clings around my vest——
Where—where's the hand to press those tresses dry,
The fond encircling arm, the cheering eye?
Why sigh the winds tumultuous thro' the woods,
Why weeps the Night in such impetuous floods?
It is the loss of DELLA CRUSCA's Muse,
Which thus with sorrow ev'ry plant imbues;
For never shall again his "*Golden Quill*,"
With magic passion ev'ry bosom thrill.
He yet may write, but ANNA 'twas alone
Lured down his guardian Goddess from her throne;
Who whilst she pour'd the richest of her store,
And charm'd his heart with bright poetic lore,
Prophetic, thus his future hist'ry read,
And wreath'd it in the laurels for his head:

"If false, MATILDA's heart thou e'er should'st wring,
"And to another Nymph presume to sing,
"My inspiration thou no more shalt know,
"My fire in thee, no more divinely flow."
The Goddess spoke, her words were mark'd by fate,
And DELLA CRUSCA mourns his ANNA's wrongs, too late!

ANNA MATILDA.

FEB. 26, 1789.

LAURA

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

O ANNA, since thy graceful song
Can wind the cadence soft among
The heart's fine nerves, and ravish thence
The wond'ring Poet's captive sense;
'Till warm'd by thy electric fire,
His yielding soul, with fond desire,
Glows but for thee——dispel thy fears,
Nor stain thy downy cheek with tears.
O quit thy "blushing scented bed,"
Pluck the pale roses from thy head,
Again with native lustre shine,
And round thy polish'd brow th' unfading MYRTLE
twine.

Subdue the haggard WITCH, whose em'rald eye,
Darts fell Revenge, and pois'nous Jealousy;

Mark, where amidst her ebon hair,
The scaly serpents mingling twine,
While darting thro' th' infected air,
The murd'rous vapours shine!
O turn thee, ANNA, quickly turn,
Where DELLA CRUSCA's torch shall burn
For thee alone; his harp is strung
To the soft musick of *thy* tongue;
No Verse of mine his song inspir'd;—
Thy notes so lov'd, so long admir'd,
Still vibrate in his glowing heart,
Where ev'ry chord is tun'd to thy poetic Art.

Ah! let me, for repose, repair,
Where Sorrow steals to weep her care,
Deep in some cave, or craggy cell,
Where the lone Screech Owl loves to dwell.

And O! my cheerless couch I'll spread,
While spangled with the lunar dew,
The Nightshade, and the baneful Yew,
Shall wind about my head.
There will I breathe a strain forlorn,
And like a ling'ring wintry morn,
Pale and with chilling rays appear,
Cold glimm'ring thro' a chrystal tear.

Yet let me DELLA CRUSCA's lays admire,
Still gaze with hallow'd rapture on his fire;

List his soft tones of melting mood,
Sweeter than Ringdove ever coo'd,
Tuneful as METASTASIO's tongue,
Or plaintive PETRARCH's witching song.

I feel no wish, no selfish joy,
Another's transports to destroy;
Ambition is not worth the name,
That meanly shines with *borrow'd fame.*
No counterfeited bliss *my* heart shall own,
The conscious Mourner sighs for BAYARD's vows alone.

Since his lov'd voice first caught my ear,
Oft have I tried to calm my woe,
Oft have I brush'd away the tear—
The tear his numbers taught to flow.
I seize the Lyre, to sooth my grief,
Court mazy Science for relief;—
Vain is the effort, 'tis in vain—
The fierce vibration fills my brain,
Burns thro' each aching nerve with poignant smart,
And riots cureless in my bleeding heart.

'Tis not "the Bacchanalian bowl,"
Can free from pain the sick'ning soul;
The "brew'd enchantment's" poison fell!
The mellow grape's nectareous juice.

Suits the base mind; its baleful use
Throws o'er the sense a torpid spell.

But LETHE's pure and limpid stream,
Shall calm the thought, from passion's dream,
'Tis *there* my breast shall seek repose,
And drink "Oblivion to its woes."

LAURA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

-------- At her footstool stands
An Altar burning with eternal fire,
Unsullied, unconsumed. Akenside.

HEAVEN OF MY HEART! again I hear
Thy long-lost voice, but ah! the tear
Steals from my lids, and deadly pain
Creeps in cold languor thro' each gasping vein.
And can that mind I love so well,
Thy Soul's deep tone, thy Thought's high swell,
The proud poetic fervour, known
But in thy breast's prolific zone,
Can these combine to curse me? can that gaze,
In whose rich orb the FAIRY FANCY plays,
Thro' which, the charms that ART and NATURE show,
Spring to the judgment, and there brighter glow;
Can *that* be chang'd to anger? canst thou doom
My future wish to dwell upon the tomb?

Canst thou, SO KEEN OF FEELING! urge my fate
And bid me mourn thee, yes, and MOURN TOO LATE?
O rash severe decree! my madd'ning brain
Cannot the pond'rous agony sustain,
But forth I rush, as varying Frenzy leads,
To cavern'd lakes, or to the diamond meads,
O'er which the sultry noon-beams wide diffuse,
And slake their eager thirst with ling'ring dews;
Or to yon sullen slope that shuns the light,
Where the black forest weaves meridian night.
Disorder'd, lost, from hill to plain I run,
And with my Mind's thick gloom obscure the Sun!
For naught to me, alas! can now avail
The fresh'ning vapours of the perfum'd dale,
The distant sea-waves' variegated green,
Or the soft languish of Night's eye serene,
They cannot yield me comfort, tho' the Spring
Should shake spontaneous beauty from her wing,
Or guide my footsteps to th' enchanted lawn,
Where blushing Pleasure hymns the birth of dawn.
Still would I pause to weep, still would I turn
From scenes like these, to the neglected Urn
That mid some grove in solemn ruin lies,
And tells, how the forsaken Lover dies!
There would I fondly clasp the broken stone,
And whisper ev'ry mental pang I've known,
Repeat the dread, inexorable word,
That stern MATILDA spoke——MATILDA! most ador'd!

When at the last year's close of May,
From thy sweet chains I burst away,
And dash'd my woe-worn Harp upon the ground,
Still in my flight Love's rapt'rous hope was found;
But now all soothing Hope is past; in vain
I check'd my progress on the midland main,
In vain to EUROPE'S CONTINENT I came,
Lur'd by the light of thy poetic flame,
In vain I bade my wand'ring toil be o'er,
And on MATILDA call'd with trembling tongue
ONCE MORE.

And think'st thou, ANNA! that *my* love,
Like *thine*, could ever faithless prove,
That in some female REUBEN'S praise,
I the impassion'd verse could raise;
That *I*, so quickly led astray,
Could wake the warm inconstant lay?
No—*tho' conceal'd*, I struck my lyre,
When by dull EVENING'S fading fire
Pale ECHO sat; who as she caught the sound,
Gave the weak murmur to the woods around;
Yet, 'twas *thy Image* fill'd my mind——
I heard a tuneful Phantom in the wind,
I saw it watch the rising Moon afar,
Wet with the weepings of the twilight Star;
Assiduous Zephyr told me it was thou,
And wond'ring, NOT DECEIV'D, I breath'd the
friendly vow.

If I have wrong'd thee, my hot tears
Shall melt thy rage, or flow for years;
For oh! till then, my days shall go
In deep regret, unalter'd woe,
In mute reflection, heavy care,
And SOLITUDE's supreme despair!
But still for thee my breast shall beat
With the most faithful honest heat;
Then save me, save me, let thy radiant smile
Again restore me, or again beguile;
With melting music calm my bosom's groan,
O deign to pity him who loves but thee alone!
And whither shall I turn from thee?
For in thy absence all things fade;
FRIENDSHIP, I know, is but a glitt'ring shade,
A sweet deception—strange uncertainty!
Nor could AMBITION's busy rage
An anguish such as mine assuage,
Vain must the world's best glories prove,
To fill the vacuum in the heart of love.

How *brightly* spreads the op'ning flow'r!
What *beauteous life* informs the bow'r!
How *fair* the streams of curling silver glide!
How *rich* the harvest waves its golden pride!
'Tis LIGHT's creation all—when *that* retires,
The pictures perish, and the charm expires.
So the faint colours of my mimic lays,
Drew their false lustre from MATILDA's blaze;

But soon the tints shall vanish—'tis decreed,
And endless darkness come, if SHE recede.

THEN HEAR MY WORD, by that fierce Orb,
Whose flame scarce all the skies absorb,
By ev'ry winged blast that goes
To its full banquet on the Rose;
By Truth, eternal, undefil'd,
By gentlest Sorrow's warblings wild;
By the gay tresses of the Morn;
By Earth, and Sea, and Heaven, 'tis sworn,
That ne'er again this hand shall fling
Its feeble tremors to the string,
Till thou, MATILDA! bidst the measure pour,
Till then, THY DELLA CRUSCA WRITES NO MORE.

DELLA CRUSCA.

March 16, 1789.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

AMBIGUOUS NATURE form'd the *female heart*
So proud, capricious, cold and warm,
That much she fear'd her FIRST COMMAND
Inert would prove, throughout the land;
So gave the counteracting charm—
On *favour'd Man* bestow'd sagacious ART.
Thus whilst my keen resentment flow'd,
Your Vow upon my bosom glow'd;
Sage ANGER instant took her flight,
And from *thy Muse* a joy so bright
Diffus'd itself through all my veins,
That hanging o'er thy charming strains,
My lips spontaneously unclose,
And thus the *proud petition* rose:—

"O! MONARCH of the Heaven-given lyre!
Thou, who the *Theban Peasant* didst inspire
With radiant knowledge, and poetic taste,
To spread thy numbers o'er the flinty waste—
In my yet darker mind thy beam infuse,
And let me feel the high-inspiring muse:

Give me one spark of DELLA CRUSCA's light,
Teach me like him to *think*—to paint—to write!
Pour on my pen his rich abounding lay,
Which EARTH and HEAVEN sublimely can display.
Mark! how his varying touch makes ever new
Objects grown flat, on long accustom'd view;—
E'en TRUTH itself his pencil can command—
IMMUTABLE! she bends beneath his hand;
In *diff'ring characters* she starts from rust,
Deck'd in OPPOSING colours; yet opposing, JUST."

Thus as I pray'd, unwelcome slumbers came,
But lively, wakeful thought remain'd the same—
And to APOLLO's *Temple* led my feet,
The same ambitious wishes to repeat.
With downcast eyes I near the Altar kneel,
And sacred fervours on my bosom steal;
My folded hair devoutly I unbound,
And dash'd my once-proud laurels on the ground.
My robes, more white than the soft down which flies
O'er *thistled desarts*, thro' autumnal skies,
Wide, o'er the tesselated pavement flow'd;
And round, the everlasting tapers glow'd:
Again I utter forth my fond desire,
But 'midst the incense my proud hopes expire.
The *Pæan'd* GOD now shook his beamy throne,
And through the dome indignant radiance shone:
"*Presumptuous* ANNA!" was the stern reply
From HIM, who rolls day's orbit through the sky.

"The mighty boon thou'st ask'd shall ne'er be thine—
PARNASSUS *hear!* record the oath divine!
Yet more—to punish thy aspiring hope
Which led thee with MY CHOSEN SON to cope,
The small—small portion of celestial flame
Thou stol'st from him of the immortal name,
Hence MOULDERS!—fades upon thy darken'd soul,
Nor leaves one spark, thro' the chill void to roll."

Shock'd at my fate, my ready lids unclose,
And the *harsh vision* from my pillow rose!
Oh, barb'rous vision! which I live to rue—
For tho' a dream thou wert—my doom is true;
APOLLO's just decree too sure I feel,
And on my spirit torpid languors steal.
Hah! what avails my DELLA CRUSCA's vow?
Poetic ardors fly me now!
What! tho' the ROSE's *morning blush*
Rivals the Western clouds, which rush
To mix their crimson with the gold
That round the SINKING SUN *is roll'd*;—
What! tho' MAY's *Zephyrs* in the groves,
Attentive to the harmonious loves
Of the bewitching feather'd race,
Forget to breathe on EARTH's *moist face*;—
What! tho' the blossoms in the mead,
Beneath the heifer's fragrant tread,
Exude soft balm upon the wind,
And all their mingled sweets unbind;—

Yet shall *sad* ANNA never know
The boundless sweets which round her flow.
Whether the MOUNTAIN'S *breath* I drink,
Or midst the Vale's embroid'ry sink,—
FANCY no more will aid the scene,
Nor flutter o'er me on the Green.
With liquid step, when the pure stream
Dancing, shall thro' its borders gleam;
When FLORA from her *rainbow wing*
Shall shake the tints which form the spring,
When music wanders 'midst the shade,
When perfumes AIR'S *blue sea* pervade,
A WINTER o'er my mind will spread,
Nor tints, nor scents, nor liquid streams be read.

HAPLESS MY FATE! unoccupy'd, unblest!
Sick'ning with ease—*hating* the tasteless rest——
Whilst LAURA still may dress the lay
In all the lustre of the day;
With such sweet pensiveness complain,
That mortals are in love with pain;
And when the tender notes they scan,
Scarce see—THE WRITER IS A MAN;
For, ah! they fall like APRIL'S *snow*
Upon the Crocus' purple glow;
Soft, as the flutt'rings of the fainting gale,
Oppress'd by LEO, flaming o'er the vale!
But shall not DELLA CRUSCA sue
For her who to HIS MUSE is true?

For ONE, who round her heart hath wreath'd
All the rich strains he ever breath'd ;—
Will HE not strive to break th' avenging rod ?—
Oh fly, *thou Poet blest*, AND STRUGGLE WITH THE GOD !

ANNA MATILDA.

PARIS, *March* 29, 1789.

THE

INTERVIEW.

O WE HAVE MET, and now I call
On yon dark clouds that as they fall,
Sweep their long show'rs across the plain,
Or mingle with the clam'rous main.
Alas! I call them, here to pour
Around my head their gather'd store,
While the loud gales which speed away
To the far edge of weeping day,
Mid the tumultuous gloom shall bear
On their wet wings my sigh'd despair.

OF LATE—where confluent torrents crash,
I paused to view the mazy dash
Of waters, shattering in the twilight beam;
While oft my wand'ring eye would trace
The distant forest's solemn grace,
As o'er its black robe hung the tawny gleam.
Nor *then* on joys gone by, my Mem'ry dwelt,
Nor all the pangs which wounded Friendship felt;

But ANNA, tho' *unknown*, usurp'd my mind,
Alone she claim'd the tributary tear,
For ev'ry solace, ev'ry charm combin'd
In the sweet madd'nings of her song sincere.

Sudden I turn—for from a young grove's shade,
Whose infant boughs but mock th' expecting glade,
Sweet sounds stole forth—upborne upon the gale,
Press'd thro' the air, and broke amidst the vale.
Then *silent* walk'd the breezes of the plain,
Or lightly wanton'd where the corn-flow'r blows,
Or 'mongst the od'rous wild-thyme sought repose,
Or soar'd aloft and seized the hov'ring strain.

As the fond Lark, whose clear and piercing shake
Bids Morning on her crimson bed awake,
Hears from the greensward seat his fav'rite's cry,
Drops thro' the heavens, and scorns the glowing sky:
So *I*, soul-touch'd, th' impetuous Cat'ract leave,
And almost seem th' etherial waste to cleave;
Allured, entranc'd, I rush amidst the wood,
AND THERE THE SOFT MUSICIAN CONSCIOUS STOOD.
Ah! 'twas no visionary Fair,
Imagination's bodied air,
That now with strong illusion caught,
Mental *creations* fled my thought,
A *living* Angel bless'd my sight,
Strung ev'ry nerve to new delight,

With joy's full tide bedew'd my cheek,
'Twas ANNA's self I saw, NOR HAD I POW'R TO SPEAK.
O then I led her to the woven bow'r,
Where slept the Woodbine's shelter'd flow'r,
Where bending o'er the Violet's bed
The Rose its liquid blushes shed;
While near the feather'd Mourner flung
Such plaints from his enamour'd tongue,
That all subdued at my MATILDA's feet
I sunk, but with an agony more sweet,
Than favour'd mortal e'er before had proved,
Or ever yet *conceiv'd*, unless like *me* he loved.

SHE SPOKE, but O! no sound was heard
Of the wanton, rapt'rous bird,
That climbs the morning's upmost sky,
When first the golden vapours fly;
But fainter was the moving measure,
Than the Linnet's noontide leisure
Lets the sultry breezes steal——
Dar'st thou, my tongue! the tale reveal?

"ILL-FATED BARD!" she cried, "whose length-'ning grief
"Had won the pathos of my lyre's relief,
"For whom, full oft, I've loiter'd to rehearse
"In phrenzied mood the deep impassion'd verse,

"Ill-fated Bard! from each frail hope remove,
"And shun the certain Suicide of Love:
"Lean not to me, *th' impassion'd verse is o'er*,
"Which chain'd thy heart, and forced thee to adore:
"For O! observe where haughty DUTY stands,
"Her form in radiance drest, her eye severe,
"Eternal Scorpions writhing in her hands,
"To urge th' offender's *unavailing* tear!
"Dread Goddess, I obey!——
"Ah! smooth thy awful terror-striking brow,
"Hear and record MATILDA's sacred vow!
"Ne'er will I quit th' undeviating LINE,
"Whose SOURCE THOU art, and THOU the LAW DIVINE.
"The Sun shall be subdued, his system fade,
"Ere I forsake the path thy FIAT made;
"Yet grant one soft regretful tear to flow,
"Prompted by pity for a Lover's woe,
"O grant *without* REVENGE, one bursting sigh,
"Ere from his desolating grief I fly.——
"'Tis past,—Farewel! ANOTHER claims my heart,
"Then wing thy sinking steps, for here we part,
"WE PART! and listen, for the word is MINE,
"ANNA MATILDA NEVER CAN BE THINE!"

She ceas'd, and sudden, like an evening wind
Rushing, some prison'd tempest to unbind,
And all regardless of the scenes it leaves,
Skimming o'er bending blooms, and russet sheaves,

MATILDA fled! the closing Night pursued,
And the cold INGRATE scarce I longer view'd;
Her form grew indistinct—each step more dim,
And now a distant vapour seems to swim,
Her white robe glistens on my eye no more,
Its strainings all are vain—THE FOND DELUSION'S O'ER.

MY SONG SUBSIDES, yet ere I close
The ling'ring lay that feeds my woes,
Ere yet forgotten DELLA CRUSCA runs
To torrid gales, or petrifying suns,
Ere bow'd to earth my latest feeling flies,
And the big passion settles on my eyes;
O may this sacred sentiment be known,
That my adoring heart is ANNA'S OWN;
YES, ALL HER OWN, and tho' ANOTHER claim
Her mind's rich treasure, still *I* love the same;
And tho' ANOTHER, O how blest! has felt
Her soften'd soul in dear delirium melt,
While from her gaze the welcome meaning sprung,
As on her neck in frantic joy he hung,
Yet I *will* bear it, and tho' Hell deride,
My pangs shall *soothe*, my curse shall be my pride.
Nor can HE boast like me; O no, HE found
The tranquilizing balm that cures the wound;
HE never knew the loftier bliss, to rave,
Without a pow'r to aid, a chance to save;

He never bath'd him in the Nightshade's dew,
Nor drank the pois'nous meteors as they flew,
Nor told his rending story to the Moon,
Link'd with the demons of her direst noon;
He never *smiled* Distraction's ills to share,
Nor gain'd th' exalted glory of despair.

Then be it his, for many a year t' enfold
Those charms, and wanton in her curls of gold,
Drain the sweet fountain of her eye's fond stream,
And fancy suff'rance but the wretch's *dream*;
While *I* will prove that I deserve my fate,
Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate,
With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,
That envying fiends shall think it extacy,
And with fierce taunts my cherish'd griefs invade,
Till on my pow'rless tongue the last "Matilda" fade.

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA,

Who said, "WHEN I AM DEAD, WRITE MY ELEGY."

---------- ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque praecedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.

YES, I would write! the sad command
Lives in each melancholy throb
Which lifts my heart. Thy ANNA's hand,
When Death that melting eye shall rob
Of the blue flames which flashing there,
Thy burning soul so well declare—
Thy ANNA's hand that soul shall then disclose,
And by indulging, charm her weary woes.

Forth would I rush, whilst Night's dim orb
The blackest vapours of the sky absorb;
And should a lingering Star with glittering beam,
Send thro' the air its silvery stream,

I'd tell it DELLA CRUSCA WAS NO MORE—
Strait would its glittering beam be sad;
And the wide heavens in darkness clad
Would join to mourn, WHOM *I* should then deplore.
Quick to the cypress forest I would hie,
Whose thick gloom never drank the healthful sky,
And from its deepest central spot,
Where Misery had rais'd her flinty grot,
A bough I'd tear;
Whilst shrieking thro' the ebon air
The Night Bird's voice would dismal echo wake,
And with its lorn complaints the resting vallies shake.
Then would I find where yew-trees wave,
O'er some unhappy Lover's grave,
Their desolated shade;
And from their baleful branches brush
The pois'nous dews;—or madly crush
The juices from the riven rind
That ne'er again the naked trunk should bind.
My chosen cypress reed I'd then immerse,
And calling on the Muse of melancholy verse,
With the YEW'S TEARS I'd story all my woe,
Nor should a mingling TEAR of MINE presume to flow.

No! I would scorn to weep. The glorious grief
Should gorge upon my heart, and spurn relief.

How I would write of DELLA CRUSCA dead!
O! I would weave such verse, that round my head
The Demons of the Night
Arrested in their wheeling flight,
Should learn to pity and to mourn,
And curse their *bounded* pow'r,
Which would not let them say RETURN! RETURN!
I'd paint his form, and every varying grace
Impress'd by FEELING on his manly face,
Then should for ever live his SAPPHIRE EYE,
And tho' his sensate heart in earth dissolves,
As Time, obliterating, round revolves,
THAT BEAM at least should never, never die!

But O! how should I paint his mind,
A taste so true, and so refin'd!
How should I speak of his IMMORTAL MUSE
That now can such delight diffuse?
A Muse which *forms* a NATION'S TASTE!
And o'er the weedy waste
Of long-neglected Poetry had thrown
A vivid light, which so sublimely shone,
That to its source ten thousand poets flew,
And form'd their songs, and tun'd their harps anew.

But yes! e'en of HIS MUSE I'd speak;
And tho' I know the swelling theme
Would shake my soul, till in th' extreme
Of strong sensation every nerve would break;

Yet having then fulfill'd my task,
Done, what *last night*'s soft shadows heard him ask,
What could I next but die?
Yes, I would court HIM *vainly fam'd*
THE KING OF TERRORS! Oh, how *lightly* nam'd!
Would he not be my bosom's friend?
Would not the sighs his agonies would rend
From my torn heart, be passports bright
To wing me to the fields of living light;
Where, from the rapt seraphic throng
My DELLA CRUSCA's powerful song
Would be the first to seize my ear,
And make me feel that HEAVEN WAS NEAR?
Come then, *pale King!* feed on our feeble breath;
O! come, thou stay'st too long—too long ENCHANTING DEATH.

ANNA MATILDA.

June 19, 1789.

POSTSCRIPT.

It is probable the Intelligent Reader may suppose, that the two Poems signed EMMA and HENRY, are from the pens of ANNA MATILDA and DELLA CRUSCA;—on this we cannot absolutely decide; but we are well assured that the charming Productions of LAURA, are not to be ascribed to either of those writers.